Luxurious Economy Motoring

LUXURY with economy is the keynote of the new 10-12 h.p Straker-Squire. Its efficiency is astonishing, as witness its top-gear speeds of from 2½ to over 55 m.p.h.; its fuel consumption of 35 miles to the gallon; and its tyre mileage of 10,000. A beautifully balanced engine, silky suspension, and high quality coachwork combine to give real luxury motoring at remarkably low cost.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES.

Brooklands Test on 2nd gear in 15 secs. with four passengers. Five 760 x 90 mm. Wheels and Tyres. Lighting and Starting Set. 4-Speed Gear Box, Right-Hand Change. Magneto Ignition. Five Lamps. Spring Gaiters. Speedometer, Clock, 2 Horns. Petrol and Oil Pressure Gauges. Exagun System of Chassis Lubrication. Four-seater Body (four doors) and All-Weather Curtains.

Refinement—All the refinement and comfort of a large car at light car cost.

OTHER MODELS.

15-20 h.p. Chassis	£540
15-20 h.p. 2 or 4-seater complete	£725
24-80 h.p. 6-cylinder Chassis	£1,150
24-80 h.p. 6-cylinder 2 or 4-seater	£1,450

Write to-day for full Specification of this remarkable car. Trial Runs arranged.

FOUR SEATER COMPLETE **£400**

Straker Squire

STRAKER SQUIRE, LTD., ANGEL ROAD, EDMONTON, N.18.

Telephone: Tottenham 2393. *Telegrams: Rhomboidal, Tottlane, London.*

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The CLASSIC CALCOTT

The 11.9 h.p. CALCOTT Two Seater

is a car that satisfies the most exacting demands of the owner-driver, power, flexibility, roominess, comfort and reliability are proved features of this car. It is economical on petrol consumption and wear on tyres, and "keeps to the road" as well as the larger car—a great point in its favour.

Roomy Two-three seater body, finished in Calcott Grey with Black Guards and Valances, and Upholstered in Black Leather, it is an extremely handsome car. Extra accommodation or storage capacity is provided by a Double Dickey Seat, which is low and well upholstered. Electric Lighting and Starting. Flush Instrument Board with Speedometer and Clock, Inside Mat, Black Hood Cover, Nickel Fittings, All usual accessories.

Price £395

representing the best value in its class.

All CALCOTT Cars are fitted with Dunlop Tyres.

Illustrated particulars from
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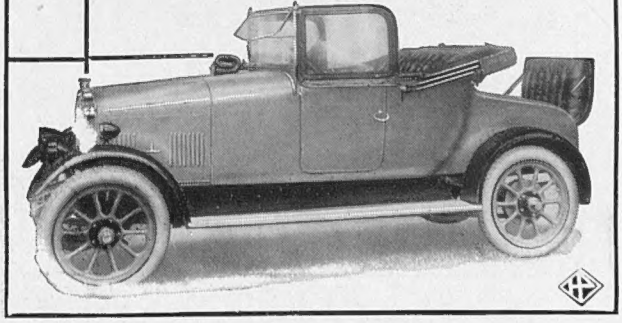
London Agents: Eustace Watkins, Ltd.,
91, New Bond Street, W.1. (corner of Oxford St.)
Distributors, Service and Spare Parts.



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Great Variety of Evening Shoes offered at **15/9** per pair.

Rich Tinsel Brocade Shoes reduced from **58/6** to **25/-** and **30/-** per pair.

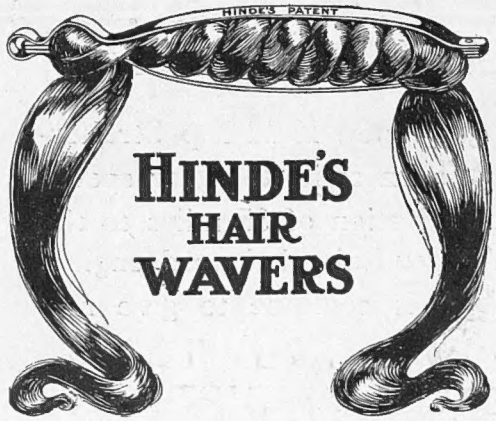
Walking Shoes at **9/11** per pair, and Spats and Gaiters, all colours, reduced from **10/9** to **2/6.**

Special reductions in GENT'S footwear at Sloane St. only.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SMALL SIZES.

262-264, REGENT ST., W. & 21-22, SLOANE ST., S.W.

(The SALE will NOT be held at New Bond St. nor Sale Goods sent on approval or exchanged.)



" Nature alone won't wave the Hair, Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."

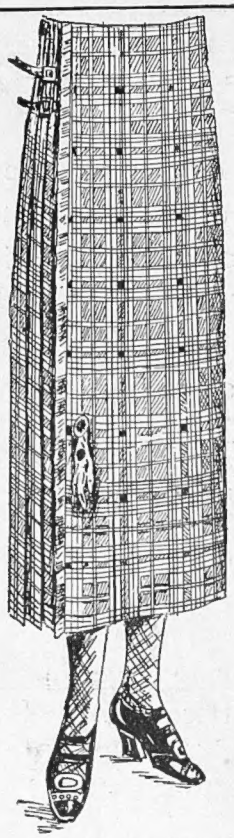
Hinde's Hair Wavers in different patterns are obtainable at all Stores, Hairdressers and Drapery Houses. Crude imitations which are hurtful to the hair may be sometimes offered. It is necessary to see that the name "Hinde's" is on each article.

Hinde's Limited, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes and articles for the Dressing Table, 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C., and Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO-TONE FOR GREY HAIR.

TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores, **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8**d.

Geo. R. Sims Co., 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C



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McDONALD'S famous Scotch tailored Sports Skirts are essentially different from all others—novel materials in smart sporting effects, style, originality, unusual line, perfect balance, superbly tailored. A McDonald Skirt is to be found in the best Society everywhere. Uncommon designs in Sporting Harris Tweeds for Costumes and Men's Suits.

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Booklet of New Designs on request. Measure Forms and Patterns on approval.

Everything in Clan Tartans.

Sports Hose to correspond with Skirts and typical Brogue Shoes in all sizes. Real Antelope Buckle Brogues for Golfing in Nigger, Fawn and Grey, **63/-**

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Perfectly Man-tailored Skirt in all the leading Clan Tartans; adaptable for Sports or general wear.

Price £5 19s. 6d.
It is worth noting that 5¼ yards Saxony (double width) material of the finest quality is used in these superbly made Skirts; this is necessary in order to ensure deep pleats and to attain that striking result one always sees in an Officer's Regimental Kilt.

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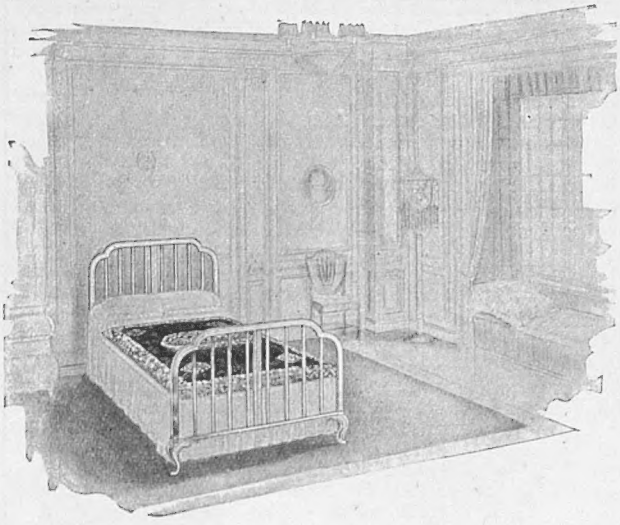

Why Wood?

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Miss Edna Best wearing her "L.B." Velour. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 716.

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Special Reduced Prices during January only - - **39/6**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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Corduroy Coats reduced to **5 Gns.**

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Hats in Frieze, Corduroy or Suède, from **18/6.**

Goods sent on approval on receipt of trade reference.

The 8 h.p. ROVER creates a furore in the
5 DAYS SYDNEY TO BRISBANE
800 MILES RELIABILITY TRIAL.

It was the first two-cylinder air-cooled car to cover this trip.

¶ THE car driven by Mr. C. B. Bradley was borrowed for the occasion from one of Sydney's leading Medical Practitioners, and throughout the Trial its performance created a demonstration of enthusiasm and appreciation.

The following is one extract from the many Press reports of the Trial:—

"Daily Mail" (Sydney).

"The ROVER proved a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, and thoroughly reliable. To appreciate thoroughly the performance of the car over 800 miles of all kinds of roads, it should be understood that many of the cars against which it competed were four times as powerful from a horse power point of view—*Yet it arrived ahead of its time in every centre.* It was the first air-cooled car to take part in the contest, and the first two-cylinder car successfully to accomplish the journey."

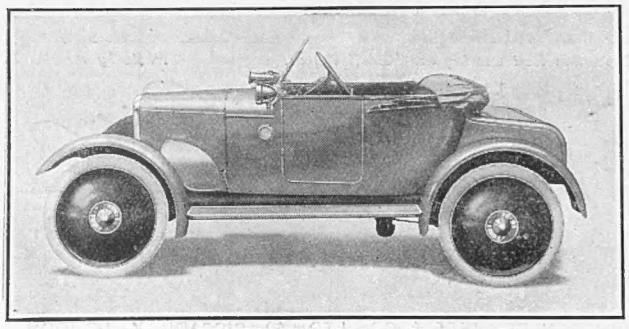
So far as can be foreseen at present there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 Season.

ROVER

Send for Catalogue illustrating all Models.

THE ROVER CO., LTD., COVENTRY, 59a, New Oxford Street, London, and Lord Edward Street, Dublin.

"The Car that set the fashion to the World"



The 8 h.p. ROVER TWO-SEATER. Price £180.

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Rectors as a purely dancing establishment is an institution with a reputation second to none, and mellowed by many years of service.

In its very recent capacity as a dancing *Club* it has not only retained the allegiance of old patrons, but on the strength of a wonderful new reputation has increased its membership by the enrolment of many famous personalities in every sphere of "Art" and "Society."

Rectors has always possessed its own unique and enticing "atmosphere"—enhanced to-day by a glorious scheme of re-decoration, lavish extension of Club and dancing facilities, and the inclusion of a Cabaret Show of outstanding importance and attraction.

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Rectors has changed the complexion of Sunday Night for every member. It is the brightest place in London on this otherwise dull occasion. The early dinner and Cabaret Show have made Sunday Night the event of the week for lovers of exact dancing and this special form of entertainment.

New Year's Eve is an occasion to note. The New Year is bound to commence a happy way for members who see it in at Rectors.

DINNER DANCE .. .. *from 8 p.m.*
SUPPER DANCE *from 10.30 p.m. to 3 a.m.*
NOVELTY NIGHTS with EXTENSION, *TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS*
AMERICAN COCKTAIL BAR (in Lounge)
CABARET SHOW NIGHTLY.
Always open till 3 a.m.

Full particulars of membership may be obtained from:—
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1923
can be a Glorious New Year for the DEAF

THE 1923 Acousticon will make it such for many thousands. It will make that difference between what seems impenetrable silence and hearing once again the sounds, the voices, the music, the laughter so necessary to the full enjoyment of life. The Acousticon is an old, a very old and very dear friend to multitudes of deaf people. It is the original instrument which brought *natural* hearing for the deaf nearer perfection than any other aid. Each year has seen wonderful improvements in the Acousticon. The 1923 model, with its practically invisible NON-HEAD ATTACHMENT, its all-vulcanite construction, its extraordinary power of sound magnification, its neat design and light weight, even surpasses all previous Acousticons. There is only one aid for you—the 1923

Acousticon

Sooner or later you are sure to discover this. A trial to-day means no expense, no obligation to purchase. And to-morrow it may mean you will hear as you never believed you would do again.

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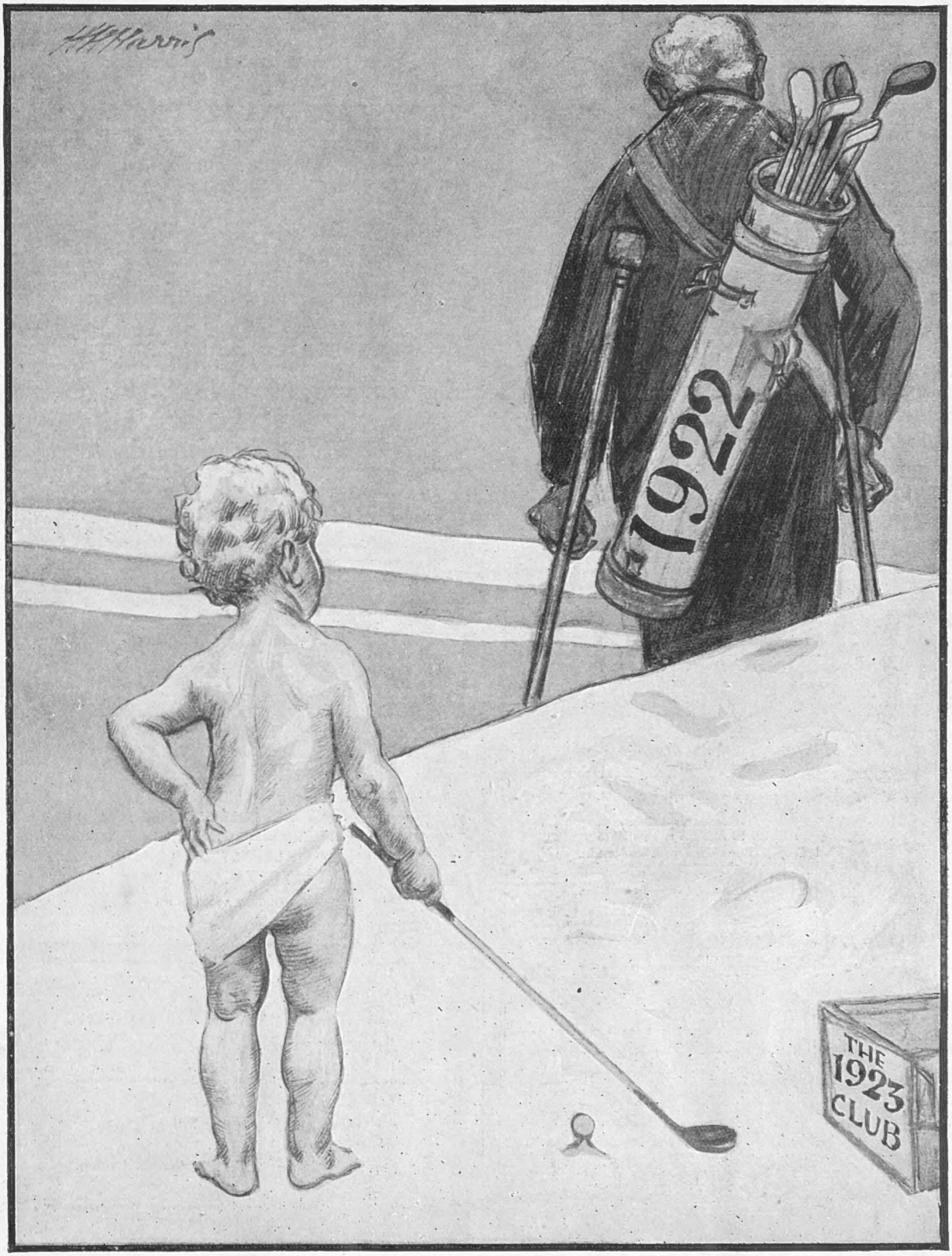
The Bystander, December 27, 1922 No. 995. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER



BY H. H. HARRIS

"FORE!"

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COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
GROCK & "PARTNER," ALFRED LESTER & CO., in "THE NIGHT PORTER," FRANK COCHRANE & CO., THE EGYPSE CAMP CO., FRANK FAY, CHICO & CHIQUILLE GWYNETH KEYS, Etc.

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NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS. & SATS. at 2.15.
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DALY'S. (Ger. 201). Evgs. at 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. & Sat. 2.15. Xmas Mats., Dec. 26 to Jan. 1 inclusive.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.

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in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
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Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

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MATHESON LANG, Laura Cowie, Mary Jerrold, Reginald Owen.

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EDNA BEST. LYN HARDING.
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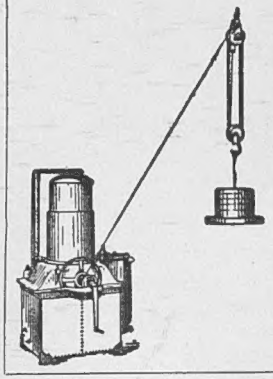

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Cheapest to instal
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Simple and Safe. Machines installed in England 1905 still in use.

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NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS
14 Independent Tours from London covering
ALGERIA—TUNISIA—MOROCCO
at absolutely inclusive rates, visiting, amongst other places:—
CASABLANCA, FEZ, BISKRA, TUNIS, the numerous OASES of the SAHARA.
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Company's Own Hotels (22 erected).
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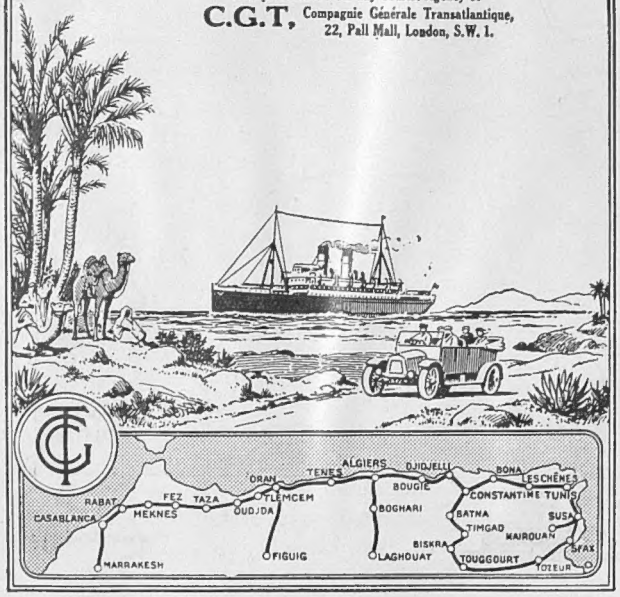
Full particulars from any Tourist Agency or
C.G.T. Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 22, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.



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BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD THE WONDERFUL SOLRAY TREATMENT PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY DESTROYS ANY HAIR GROWTH
WITHOUT LEAVING THE SLIGHTEST TRACE
THE SOLRAY CO., Ltd (HELEN CRAIG). 15, Hanover St., Regent St W.1.

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If you have a child that is not thriving, the greatest food help that you can give is Benger's.
Benger's Food is always prepared with fresh new milk, nature's greatest food for growing children.

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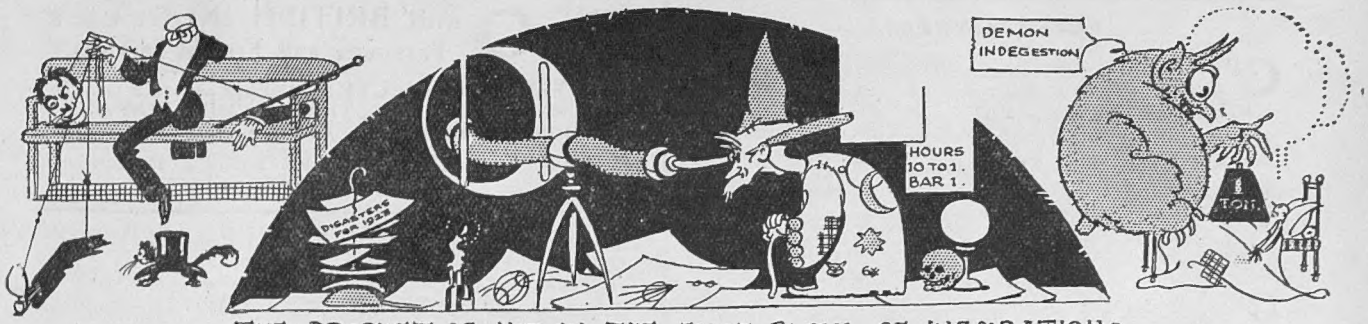
helps the digestion of the milk; changing it into a highly nutritious food cream which children greatly enjoy.
An extra meal of Benger's twice a day, mid-morning and bed-time, has, by Doctors' recommendation, helped thousands of weakly children to robust health.
Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
Prices 1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6.
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER.



SAT DOWN WITH THE IDEA OF PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER.

"THE PROPHET IS NOT IN THE FIRST BLOOM OF INSPIRATION"

AFTER THE XMAS FESTIVITIES

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

After Christmas

WELL, here we are all safe and sound, right in the middle of the Christmas festivities. Though, personally, I think I shall feel a little like the gallant horseman who had had a rough day among the big fences—*afterwards!* Someone asked him if he found that riding reduced his flesh, and he replied that he'd had a big lump knocked off him every time he fell!

A Seasonable Story

AND that reminds me: A certain son of unrighteousness arranged to meet the wife of his bosom at one of those big hotels at one of those large seaside resorts where people spend Christmas. When the appointed hour arrived, he was so much the worse for wear that he couldn't face it, and sat down on a seat with the idea of pulling himself together. Waking up in the early hours, he found that he had lost his hat and stick. He was also afraid to seek out the wife of his bosom at the big hotel. A little later he found his stick, and this cheered him up a little, but he still couldn't find his hat. About this time he saw a black cat, also an outcast and a wanderer. He felt strangely drawn towards this poor stray. He stroked it once . . . he stroked it twice . . . he stroked it a third time—and what do you think? It wasn't a cat at all. It was his missing hat!

On Prophets

'TIS easy to be a prophet both before—and after—the event. In the first case, people always forget what you told them would happen. Sometimes, the prophets must be thankful for this very human weakness, but how they must bite their nails when they happen to make a lucky shot—and nobody knows! This thought filled me with such concern that I rushed to get a copy of Old Moore's almanac for 1922, in order to see if The Prophet had really warned us against all the evils of the passing year.

A Good Guess

WHAT did I find? Was The Prophet living up to his reputation? He was!

We may receive during the month some very alarming news from Athens. The Greeks and Turks are still far from friendly, and hostilities may break out at any time. Great Britain may be invited to endeavour to place things on a friendly footing, but the Prophet doubts very much if any permanent result will mature.

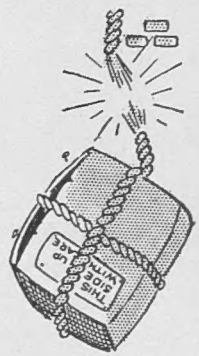
Not so bad, that, for an old 'un. Remember, The Prophet is not in the first bloom of inspiration. He must be getting very patriarchal by this time—at least ninety I should think—and what we shall do without him, I can't imagine.

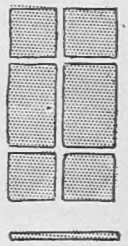
Caught Napping

MIND you, even The Prophet is caught napping at times. He promised that our airships should "receive much attention," but I haven't noticed it—not up till now. Again, The Prophet has a frightful wind-up about Holland. Scarcely a month passes without some dire threat of trouble in this quarter, and as late as December we are told that "the community will be alarmed by startling news" from the banks of the Zuyder Zee. Beyond the fact that an aunt of mine sent some money for a consignment of Dutch bulbs which did not fructify, I remember nothing to justify these gloomy forebodings, but possibly we have been closer to trouble than I know. Finally, the reference to "satisfactory news of China" is inspired by the production of *East of Suez*, so *that's* alright!

Future of the Films

WHAT is the future of the Fillums? Enthusiasts point to recent developments as evidence of continued prosperity, while more critical folk will tell you that the big picture that runs for a hundred nights at a West End theatre has set a standard that cannot be maintained. And





THE IMPRESSIVE THINGS OF LIFE ARE ALWAYS UNEXPECTED.

Hicks

that is the nearest we can get to a solution of the problem. Tell me, what do *you* think? Is the film a fine, growing youngster, or is it just a frog that has blown itself up so big that it will shortly burst? I am always telling you things—now tell me something.

Wicked Night Life

WHAT with dancing clubs and *cabaret* shows, the night life of London is developing at such a pace that the authorities are getting nervous. Accordingly, the licensing restrictions are to be enforced with greater severity than ever, and anything in the nature of elasticity is taboo. What a farce it all is, to be sure. We form a Brighter London Society, we encourage people to start a number of bright spots in the town, and then we come down on them like a ton of bricks. Out of curiosity, I have visited half a dozen of these night resorts, and I haven't seen one single incident that would bring the blush of shame to a Victorian antimacassar.

By Victor Hicks

BOXING DAY

Nearing the end of "The Round"

Sermons in Songs

THE trouble is that Bumbledom insists on confusing late hours and laughter with sensuality and sin. Bumbledom proceeds on the assumption that we can only behave ourselves when we are a-bed. A funny notion! And entertainers aren't all bad men with black hearts. I had a crack with one of them the other morning, and he accounted for the popularity of a certain ballad by saying that it appealed to all that was best in his audience—quite a sermon in song, in fact.

The Dickens To Pay

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY laments the fact that people pay more readily to see his Sidney Carton than they do to see his Hamlet, and he adds that Dickens has to pay for Shakespeare. Yet, when he produced *Hamlet* in the West End there was the dickens to pay!

An Echo of the Past

THE will of Mrs. Elizabeth Kenealy, widow of Dr. Kenealy, has just been proved, and our thoughts stray to the little church of Hangleton, in Sussex, where the counsel for the Claimant in the famous Tichborne Case sleeps quietly in the heart of the downland. The really impressive things of life are always the unexpected, and my imagination is always held by that rather elaborate monument, raised by public subscription, in its strangely simple surroundings.

Nineteen O'Clock

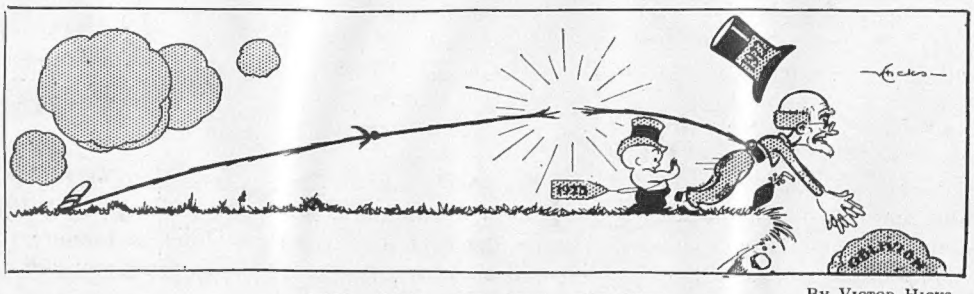
I FANCIED, at one time, that the 24-hour clock had come to stay. During the War we got into the habit of talking of nineteen o'clock, and it seemed possible that the habit would remain with us. The War Office, however, has knocked any such idea on the head by abolishing the 24-hour system "except on active service and manœuvres." It was a bit of a mouthful, but it prevented much confusion—when you got used to it.

A Venial Sin

TO show what a really abandoned person I am, I have a serious confession to make. I did not burst into a flood of tears when I read that a tax collector had been robbed of a lot of our money. Silly of me, of course, because we shall have to make good the deficiency, but, as I said before, it will be cheap at the price. I am a great fellow to dream, and one of my jolliest efforts in this direction is when I have lured my own private tax collector into the coal hole and have done him in with a chopper. If you ever see me smiling in my sleep, you will know that the wretched fellow has just died in great agony, and that I am covering up the traces of venial sin with handfuls of coal dust.

A Curious Queue

ALL—or nearly all—theatrical London have been mildly amused at the experiences of certain well-known actresses who attended an "audition" for *Arlequin*, the big new show which is now filling the Empire. Every sort of person put in an appearance, and all had to line up in the queue, quite irrespective of their social status. I have heard theatrical stars express themselves as being in favour of the queue, but now that some of them have tasted its joys—and sorrows—they may have modified their opinions. This particular queue was one of the most curious seen in the West End, and those lesser lights who failed to get a "shop" did not feel that their time had been wasted. Quite the reverse, in fact.



By Victor Hicks

THE END OF HIS TETHER

"HAIL, COLUMBI(N)A!" By E. T. Reed

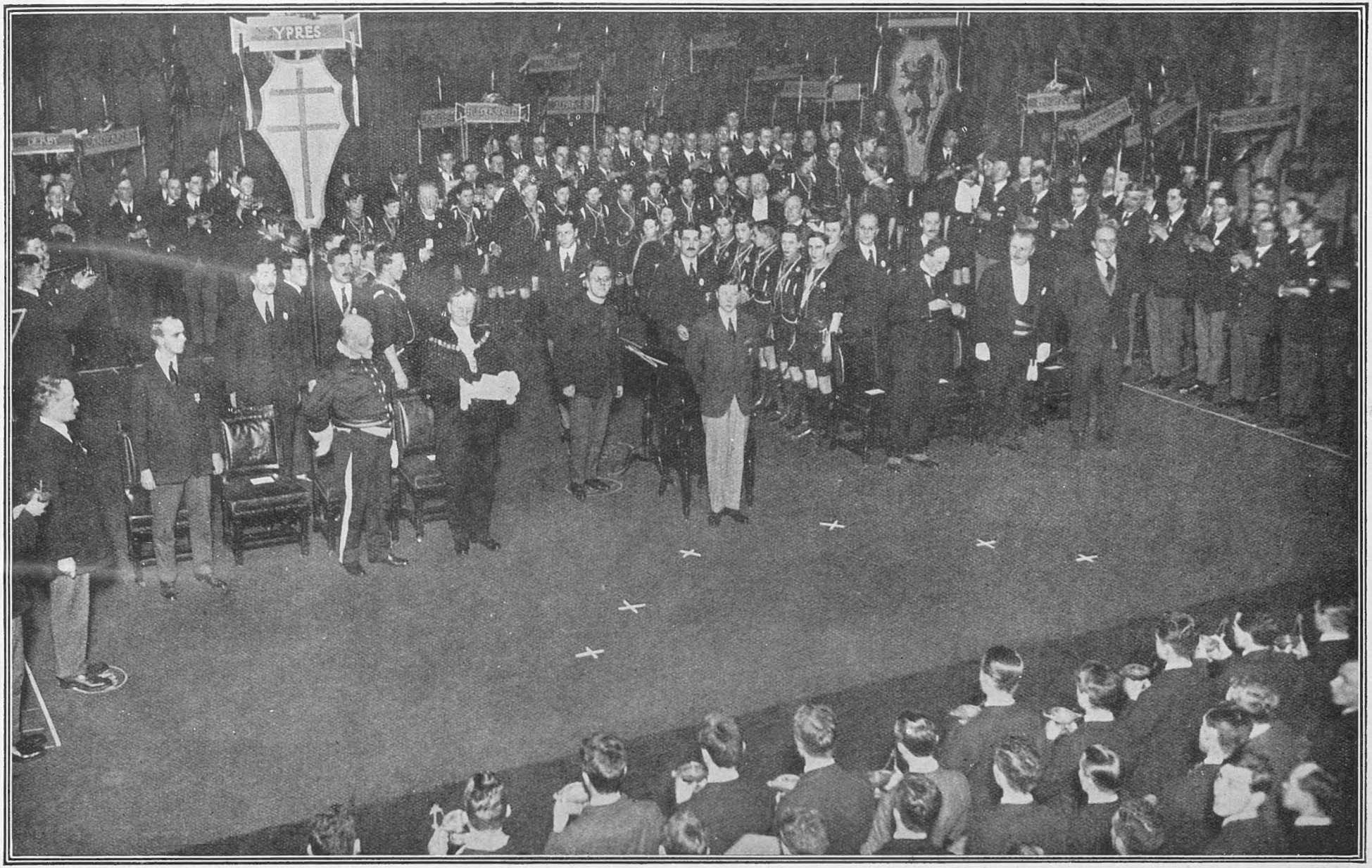
The vur-ry latest and cutest thi-ng in Good Fairies comes (mighty seasonably, too!) to the rescue of a distracted and impecunious Yurrup—at least, so 'tis rumoured

A Brighter Outlook

A promise of trade revival, hopes running high for the future of Ireland, and the better prospect of German repayments—these are some of the reasons for the spirit of all-round joyousness in which we are anticipating the birthday of 1923. The Bystander New Year number is quite in keeping with this cheery optimism, and readers will find their mood reflected in its merry pages. Eight colour pages by Bystander favourites such as "Blam," A. K. Macdonald, Heath Robinson, Fred Parker, and Norman Keene, an intriguing new "Short Story" Competition (not nearly as formidable as it sounds!), a new series by Dell Leigh, popular songs charmingly illustrated by Charles Robinson—these are some of the New Year "features."

The New Year will have a good send-off by old Stonyhurst Collegians, who are holding their annual dance at the Hyde Park Hotel on January 3. Special surprise gifts for ladies are promised, and a merry evening is assured.

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old . . . ."



Photograph *Central News*

"THE SILENCE OF REMEMBRANCE"

A general view of the inspiring ceremony at the Guildhall on Saturday, December 16th, after H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had lit the "Lamps of Maintenance" presented by the principal towns and public schools of the kingdom to "Toc H," on the eighth birthday of that famous brotherhood which had its birth amid the carnage and glory of the "Wipers" Salient. "To-night," said the Prince, "is a great step in the early life of a great society; a society which will remain young when the youngest of us here grows old"

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

THE NAVY TAKES THE FIELD—

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Miss Dorothy Crosse, eldest daughter of the Rev. A. A. T. Crosse, of Hickling, Norfolk, and Lieutenant Rupert W. James, R.N., leaving the old church in Charing Cross after their marriage

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Christmas

THE King is "keeping his Christmas," as the old chroniclers used to say, at York Cottage. It is almost a complete gathering of the King's immediate family. Princess Mary, of course, is at Harewood. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry, are with the King and Queen at York Cottage; Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria are at Sandringham; the King and Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf are at Appleton House, near by.

The Queen of Norway has a great affection for Appleton House, where she spent the first years of her married life as Princess Charles of Denmark, until her husband was called to the throne of Norway when that country seceded from the dual-kingdom of "Sweden and Norway." Every winter she comes over to the little house, King Haakon generally arriving in time to take her back to Christiania for Christmas. This year they are spending "their Yule" on this side.

King George keeps up all the old traditions—the Christmas presents of beef and groceries for the cottagers, the gifts to all the estate employees; everybody is remembered. Two fixtures are invariable—the servants' ball and the lawn meet of the West Norfolk Hunt at Sandringham.

Of other members of the Royal Family, the Duke of Connaught has his son-in-law, the Crown Prince of Sweden, with him at Beaulieu. Princess Christian, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice are spending their Christmas in London.

Pre-Christmas Festivities

THE days before Christmas are like a little piece of the season dropped suddenly into December! Mrs. Ronald Greville had a Royal dinner-party followed by a dance. The Duke of York and Prince George were at the dinner, as well as the newly returned honeymoon couple, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, upon whom America showered a veritable *largesse* of hospitality. Perhaps that was why they were so indulgent and helpful to the American newspaper-interviewers. The Prince of Wales came on afterwards.

Then Lady Anglesey had a dance in Carlton House Terrace, and Lady Carnarvon gave a delightful afternoon's entertainment in the beautiful house in Seamore Place, which she inherited from Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. The drawing-room, which runs from back to front of the house, with a glassed-in verandah looking on Park Lane, was so full that seats had to be arranged in an ante-room at the side. The performance, by variety artistes, was most amusing.

What a treasure-house it is! All the rooms are hung with green

Photograph *Bassano*

A NEW YEAR BRIDE

Miss M. A. Hargreaves, daughter of the late Mr. R. T. Hargreaves, and of Mrs. Hargreaves, The Priory, Royston, Herts, who is marrying Captain Robin Hall, of Barton Abbey, Oxford, early in the new year

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS RUBY HEATHER BILBROUGH

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelson Bilbrough, of Adderbury Grange, near Banbury. Miss Bilbrough has recently become engaged to Mr. Henry Arthur John Wilder, one of the sons of the Rev. Henry C. Wilder and Mrs. Wilder, of Purley Hall and Gulham, Berks

brocade—a perfect background for the pictures, each one a gem of the English, French and Flemish schools. Lady Carnarvon possesses some of the finest Bouchers in England. They hang, as they should do, in a small room by themselves, a room that is perfect Louis Quinze.

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS JOAN STONEHAM

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Stoneham, of Kensington, who is to marry shortly Mr. Anthony Williams, late of the 4th Dragoon Guards, the only son of Mrs. Archie Younger, Brabœuf Manor, Guildford

Lord Carnarvon's Discovery

EVERYBODY, naturally, is full of questions and talk about Lord Carnarvon's great find in Egypt, and I have been told the reason—or it may be one of the reasons—why the tomb of King Tutankhamen was closed so hastily.

Formerly the atmosphere in Egypt was as dry as the proverbial bone. But now the great barrages on the Nile have brought a considerable amount of moisture into the air, which, laden with even a microscopic amount of dampness, would be fatal to the treasures Lord Carnarvon has found. Hence the speedy closing of the first chamber opened.

Photograph *Central News*

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY ON THE RHINE

Lord Derby, in his capacity of Secretary for War, inspecting the Guard of Honour at Cologne on the occasion of his recent tour of inspection of the occupied areas

Experts are being consulted as to the best means of preserving the relics of the three thousand years ago Egyptian King, and I believe one suggestion is to swathe them thickly with cotton-wool before they are moved from their present resting-places. But there is a strip of exquisitely woven linen bearing the cipher of King Tutankhamen which presents a big difficulty. It may fall to pieces if it is not preserved from the outer air.

The King's Friends

THE King has lost two close friends by the deaths of Lord Annaly and Lord Marcus Beresford.

After being His Majesty's Lord of the Bedchamber whilst he was Prince of Wales, Lord Annaly became a Permanent Lord-in-Waiting after the King's accession. He was the kindliest and cheeriest of men, a great hunter, and Master of the Pytchley. Of all the members of the Court he was the most popular.

Lord Marcus Beresford the King may be said to have inherited as the manager of his racing and breeding stud, for Lord Marcus had acted in the same capacity to King Edward for twenty years before that monarch's death.

What Lord Marcus didn't know about horses and horse-racing wasn't worth knowing, and he was the keenest race-goer in the kingdom despite his seventy-four years. He and his two brothers, Lord Charles (afterwards Lord Beresford) and Lord William, were a remarkable trio. Each possessed a ready Irish wit, and each had unquenchable high spirits. In their youth their pranks were endless, but their good humour and good comradeship made them privileged, and no matter what they did in the way of practical jokes they were invariably forgiven, even by Royalty.

Lord Marcus was always supposed to be the suggestor of the famous telegram sent by his brother Charles when bidden once to dine at Marlborough House: "Can't come. Lie follows by post." He made a bet once that he would drive through Rotten Row, a privilege possessed only by the Duke of St. Albans as Hereditary Grand Falconer. Vainly the makers of the bet hung about the railings waiting for Lord Marcus's well-known turn out. But a watering-cart made its slow progress from one end of the Row to the other.

Photograph *Sport and General*

SPANIEL AND RETRIEVER TRIALS IN SHROPSHIRE

The Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Spaniel and Retriever Societies held their annual trials at Walcott, Lydbury North, Shropshire, this year. Our photograph shows the dogs entered for the Open and Non-Winners Stakes, with their owners and handlers

The driver was Lord Marcus. He had won his bet in the best Beresford manner.

The third brother, Lord William was likewise a great horseman, and died of the long after-effects of a bad accident. His horse fell and rolled upon him. He married Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, step-mother of the present Duke, a handsome and extremely rich American widow at the time of her first marriage. They lived at that beautiful place, The Deepdene, near Dorking, which, after the Duchess's death, was turned into an hotel, and is, I believe, now again for sale, or it was a short time ago.

Photograph *Central News*

IN EXCELLENT COVER

Colonel Matthew Wilson, with Commander and Mrs. Meligan, at Colonel Walter Grant Morden's shoot at Heatherden Hall, Iver Heath. Colonel Grant Morden has been M.P. for the Brentford and Chiswick Division of Middlesex since 1918

Photograph *Alfi.r.*

AT THE MEET OF THE OLD BERKELEY

Lady Warrender, the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bart., at the village of Amersham. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were to have joined the meet, but they were prevented by engagements from coming, much to the general disappointment

What the Cook Meant

A CERTAIN lady was cruelly disappointed because her husband's name did not appear in the list of new peers when the late Government went out of office. Amongst her acquaintances and her servants she does not bear a reputation for an overflowing kindness of heart, and I think the bitterness of her peerage-disappointment cannot be wholly unknown to her domestics. At least, if one judges by the following little *histoire*.

Recently the dame had a passage of arms with her cook, which ended in that important person being ordered to leave the house on the instant.

Said the cook to the lady, "I've 'eard, mum, that kind 'earts are more than coronets. All I can say is, I'm sorry, yes, truly sorry for them as 'as *neither!*"

NEARLY ON THE ROCKS *Bystander Exclusive Photograph*

One of the difficult "traps" of the Mont Agel golf course at Monte Carlo, which makes this popular course so interesting. Miss Margaret Stewart, the well-known American golfer, is seen negotiating an awkward shot

The Riviera Week by Week

NO official Conference of Statesmen, as far as I know, has been arranged to take place at Cannes this winter, but we already have sufficient politicians on hand to make quite a good showing if the occasion should arise. Mr. Winston Churchill has taken a villa in Cannes for the winter, Sir Laming Worthington Evans has arrived at the Beau-Site, Mr. Lloyd George is expected, and the Right Hon. Ian Macpherson will be at the Carlton before Christmas. It is reported that Sir James Craig, who badly needs a rest, may come down South for a month, Lord Rothermere is already on the Côte d'Azur, Lord Aberconway is at his *château* on the Cap d'Antibes, and there will shortly be many more notabilities in the political world indulging in tennis, golf, reminiscence-writing and other popular sports on the Riviera. A Conference could be arranged at very short notice!

A NEW feature of Riviera life this season which is bound to be appreciated is the inauguration of a marine service between Cannes and Menton, with calls at Nice and Monte Carlo. The s.y. *Jean Argaud*, with headquarters at Cannes, will shortly commence regular trips, and for those who cannot afford a yacht of their own—and we are many—this is, as Marie Lloyd used to say, the next best thing. From the sea one has a new aspect of the Côte d'Azur well worth seeing—provided, of course, there is no mistral blowing.

AMONG recent arrivals in Cannes are the Hon. Sir Peter M'Bride and Lady M'Bride, who are at the Beau-Rivage, Lady Albert Leveson-Gower at the Californie, where Mrs. Will Gordon, the well-known writer, has also arrived. Sir Hesketh Bell, late Governor of Uganda, who is now in Cannes, will find an old friend in Canon Baskerville already installed in Cannes for the winter. The Canon, who lived for very many years in Uganda, has promised to lecture on that country for the Literary and Musical Society, and will exhibit some interesting curios and pictures.

The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby are spending the winter at the Villa Luna Nuova, on the Route d'Antibes. Sir George and Lady Rhodes, after spending the first part of their honeymoon in the North of England, are now at the Carlton at Cannes. Lady Rhodes was formerly Mrs. Morgan Hill, of Washington, D.C.

The Earl and Countess of Athlone will reach Cannes in the early part of January. The Dowager Viscountess Arbuthnott and the Hon. Muriel Arbuthnott are staying at St. Raphael.

LORD DERBY is scheduled to arrive here on the 29th and will in all probability stop at the Grand Hotel where he stayed last season during the Conference.

Lady Wavertree, who is a regular visitor here season after season, is expected about the middle of this month at her Villa Edelweiss, where she will spend the season.

We understand that Lady Tredegar will take a villa here for the season, and will come out from home the latter part of December. She will be joined shortly afterwards by Lord Tredegar who is coming out on his yacht, the *Maid of Honour*.

Lady Agnes Peel has arrived for the winter at the Hotel Beau Séjour where she will be joined shortly by Lord Peel.

Photograph *Le Noir*

A FRENCH MOVIE STAR

Mademoiselle Monique Chrysis, taken during her recent stay at Cannes—that happy venue for film impresarios in search of idyllic scenery

AT Menton we are playing two games, bridge and Badminton, and even as you in England are reviving Ping Pong, or more euphemistically, table tennis, we are banging with racket and shuttlecock down here. So popular is the craze that the big upstairs room at the Casino is marked out for several courts under the direction of Captain Rodick, and the Riviera Club, which, by the way

Photograph *E. Navello*

MR. AND MRS. G. J. GOULD—AND THE SUNSHINE

On the steps of their lovely villa "Zoraide" at Cap Martin

Photograph *Le Noir*

GOLF AND TENNIS TOO

Miss Maude Hunnewell, the well-known golf and tennis star, whose exploits on the courts and links at Cannes is being followed with great interest

Photograph *E. Stehelin*

FROM PICTURESQUE PROVENCE

The unusual appearance of this band—once such a regular feature of the Riviera season—attracted much attention at St. Raphaël, where they "paraded" to welcome the Syndicats d'Initiative de France

Monte Carlo frequents as much as Menton, has engaged a special instructor.

In order not to clash with the Monte Carlo lawn tennis tournament the Christmas Club tournament at Menton starts on January 1. Most of the English players will be here by then, and those inevitable—and unless Mlle. Lenglen comes into court against them—practically unbeatable players, Miss Ryan, Miss McKane, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mrs. Peacock, etc., will certainly have their names on the match board.

Eystander Exclusive Photograph

THE FINAL PUTT

Major-General Johnson putting on what Sir Frederick Treves has aptly described as "a sheet of green velvet amid grey and wizened crags"—a green of the Mont Agel Golf Course

CROQUET—have you forgotten how to play it in England?—is in the vanguard of the sports here, and the first competition for silver medals has already been played for. Major-General Sir Archibald Paris is a regular player; the General and Lady Paris, Major and Mrs. E. H. Dowding, and General and Mrs. Gordon Money will be at the Regina all the winter. Others in this busy pleasure city, half-Italian, half-French, are Lady Northcliffe, the Marquis and Marquise Sommi de Picenardi, Commander Kitson of H.M.S. *Thunderer*, Lady Leicester, Lady Scott-Gatty, and Americans by the "can-ful" as a wealthy New Yorker punned it to me the other night.

THE acquisition of property along the beautiful Mediterranean coast by English and Americans still continues, and the latest of the distinguished Riviera visitors to make a permanent winter home here is Colonel and Madame Balsan, who have purchased an old *château* at Eze and remodelled same. Madame Balsan, before her marriage to Colonel Balsan, who is well known throughout France for his fine racing stable, was the Duchess of Marlborough, *née* Vanderbilt of New York.

Photograph *E. Navello*

MR. FRANK HARTIGAN

Out for a stroll on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

Another distinguished member of the American colony in Paris who in all possibility will spend part of the season here is Princess Vlora, formerly Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould, of New York. Princess Vlora will spend the Christmas holidays in the Engadine, coming here late in January.

I MET the authoress of the Immortal Pimpernel, as he ought to be called, with her husband at Mr. Locke's hospitable home last Sunday. Mrs. Locke and Mr. Montagu Barstow declare they are going to collaborate in writing a book with the promising title of *Being Married to a Famous Author*.

RIVIERAN ASIDES

POLO ponies have been heard whimpering and seen exercising near Baron Schroeder's villa, according to a local paper, but it must have been last year's or the ghosts of next, because they do not arrive until January.

* * *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is at Cannes with his family. Local painters are endeavouring to copyright all available and surrounding scenery.

* * *

LORD ROCKSAVAGE has not been down here yet despite official *communiqués* to the contrary. He has been in Paris a great deal lately, and will go to Switzerland before finally coming here for polo in late January. He is at the moment very interested in Carpentier,

* * *

A PARIS doctor is causing consternation by saying that tennis is very bad for women. *Il dérange tout*, are his words. He is being ignored on the Riviera, but the more timid are compromising and doubling their attentions to the tables. No doctor dare prohibit these.

* * *

PIGEON shooting has commenced at Monte Carlo and will continue until the end of December. Fortunately, there is no "close season" for plucking them inside the Casino.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By
A. E. MANNING FOSTER

She was pretty, but severe.

"We should have saved the game," she said, "if you had given me a heart."

"Well, I only had one," he replied, gallantly, "and I gave that to you at the beginning of the game."

. . . . .

"I never revoke," said the conceited player, in reply to his partner's query, "Having none!"

He proceeded to revoke three times.

"Well," said his partner, cheerily. "There's nothing like doing a thing you never do thoroughly when you do do it."

. . . . .

Is the revoke penalty too severe? Certainly, it sometimes works out rather hardly. A correspondent writes that in playing out a long suit of clubs in a no-trump hand, declarer revoked five times through having placed the three of clubs amongst his spades. He would have scored a grand slam. "In the circumstances I suggested to my partner that we should claim for three revokes only. It seemed to me a case for compromise. But my partner would not agree, and insisted on the full pound of flesh!"

. . . . .

To lose a grand slam sitting, and be fined 750 points as well for a slip does, indeed, seem disproportionate, and I am inclined to agree with my correspondent that it was not an occasion for exacting the full penalty. Laws are laws, and must be observed, but mercy may sometimes temper justice. A revoke is a serious card offence, and should be penalised. But there are revokes and revokes. A revoke from which a player derives benefit is a different matter from where, by oversight, he has tucked away a card which has no bearing on the game, and does not affect the issue. I daresay it would be difficult to discriminate in the Laws between different kinds of revoke. But it should not be impossible to legislate for cases of the kind mentioned by my correspondent, and to fix an adequate penalty.

. . . . .

In the American revised code of Laws of 1920, the revoke penalty was reduced to 50 points for each revoke in the case of the declarer, or if opponents revoke declarer can take two tricks only (instead of three) from them, or add 50 points to his score.

This may work unfairly in the isolated instance in which the revoke benefits its maker, but as in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the revoker does not do this, the new penalty fits the offence in the majority of cases.

. . . . .

As Mr. Milton Work, Chairman of the Card Committee of the New York Whist Club, points out, in reducing the penalty, the possibility of an intentional revoke is not even contemplated. The Laws do not provide a penalty for any form of crooked play. They are not drafted with the idea of defeating the tactics of the card sharp. The character of the game makes it impossible, as the bidding offers a most fertile field for the clever crook to give his partner invaluable information. "One Spade" and "A Spade" could be given different meanings, and other forms of expression could be used to convey unfair information.

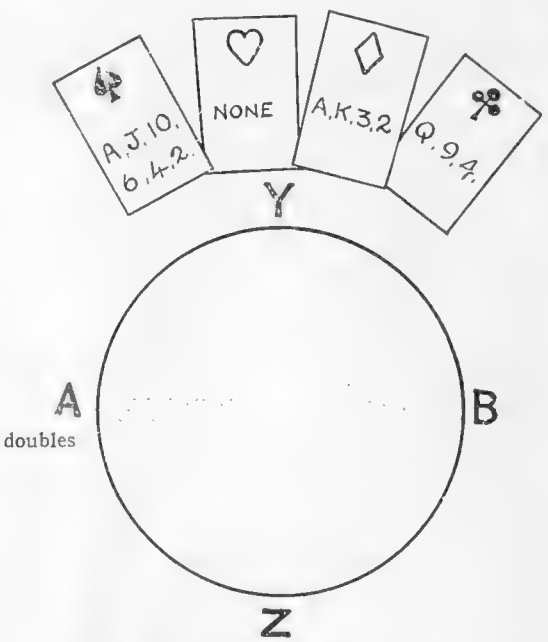
Should a player intentionally revoke or practice other unfair methods, ostracism will be more effective than any penalty the Laws could prescribe.

. . . . .

Everybody revokes some time or other. Some players do it frequently. Often it is undetected. It is apt to happen when one is thinking a trick ahead, or playing out cards rapidly towards the end of the game, when the cards are "set" and it does not seem to matter. The player who does not ask his partner (whether his partner likes it or not) when he fails to follow suit, is as much to blame as the revoker. If you revoke always get the first word in, and blackguard your partner before he has time to revile you!

. . . . .

Z deals and bids "three hearts." A, on his left, doubles. Y (Z's partner) holds:



deals and bids "three hearts"

What should Y do and why? The above position formed the subject of somewhat heated discussion at a London Club recently.

With Foxhounds and Beagles

Photograph *Photopress*

THE FITZWILLIAM (MILTON) AT ORTON HALL

At the meet at Orton Hall, the charming seat, near Peterborough, of the Marquis of Huntly. In the photograph will be seen (standing): the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, Lady Ethel Wickham (Lord Huntly's sister) and Miss Wickham

Photographs] WITH THE WORCESTER PARK AND BUCKLAND BEAGLES *[Sport and General*

The meet outside Miss Corbet's house, Bunt's Place, at Leigh, near Reigate. Inset: Miss Diana Moir and Miss Joan Moir riding off to the meet with some of their friends who are home for the holidays

DOGS IN SPORT, STORY AND SERVICE.

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

A Happy and Doggy New Year to you!

A sort of lesser squire and all-round good sport in our locality has hit upon the happiest sort of choice of New Year presents. He has given it out—even put a notice in the village post-office—that he will be glad to pay cost of a 1923 Dog licence for anyone in the district who feels it difficult to afford the requisite 7*s.* 6*d.* next month. A good and kindly thought that will be much appreciated by some of our farm labourers, and others, whose wages have come down a bit faster than the cost of living, and who are keen, as most are hereabouts, on their Dogs.

I'm by no means one of those who say they'd like to see Dog licences washed out. Looking in at the National Cat Society's big Show the other day, the thought struck me that our political pundits are rather muffs not to introduce 7*s.* 6*d.* licences for cats, too. I believe they might raise a million by it, and that it would be all to the good for the cats. Everyone values what he pays for, and gives more care to it than to what he doesn't pay for.

Our very sporting little Pekingese here — many of the so-called "Toys" are clinking good sportsmen, when you treat 'em fairly, and abstain from the cruelty of pampering—has now satisfied himself that actual rat-killing is a bit beyond him; his little jaws being inadequate; his mask too aristocratically flat. But do you suppose he's thrown up the sponge for that? Not a bit of it. He's keener than ever. First—after the argument that gave him honourable wounds, and the rat a clear get-away—he tried to enlist the housekeeper's Fox-terrier as a straffer, but found that curiously neurotic little beast wasn't having any; some sort of a Conchy, I'm afraid. So now the Pekingese gives most of his free outdoor time to patrol work, stalking and reconnoitreing; and the instant he strikes a warm trail—there's a regular rat warren midway between the Kennels and the dairy and the pond—he goes racing down to the Kennels gate, plume revolving like an aeroplane-propeller,

"HE THINKS IT BE A DURNED FINE PRESENT"

fringed trousers flapping out like stunsails—barks furiously to rouse me out, and, like the keenest of platoon-commanders, leads anyone he can get hold of with a Dog to the field of action, where he dances round keeping the ring as referee, eager to award medals to the deserving. A great little sportsman is Chang, and cordially respected for it by my own—well, by my somewhat obscurely descended Terrier, Bilfrid, who is a mighty hunter before the Lord, and accounts for rats faster than you could for Colchester Natives.

Talking of the mixed ancestry of Bilfrid, by the way—what a blessing he can't read; he understands most *spoken* words, and in his own way is a garrulous talker—the cleverest Dog in this parish is the son of a big Airedale, and a small, impeccably bred Bloodhound bitch. (The union had parental sanction, mind you, and was all according to Cocker; a carefully thought-out match, in fact.) There were only two whelps, and one never opened its eyes; but the survivor—well, he's just on three years old now, and what he doesn't know about field sport and trailing, and what he can't do in the open, simply isn't worth knowing or doing. Incidentally, he'd be worth a Commissioner's pay to Scotland Yard. Think of the poetic justice, f'r instance, of employing the likes o' Bilfrid or Mike—the Airedale-Bloodhound—on the trails of some of the scallyways who've been so busy Dog-stealing in London during the last month or so!

"Please answer in The Bystander if you can, for the sake of other readers." (Miss M. E. W., Kensington Gore.) Well, I can't pretend to any literary authority, but for practical guidance, and some clinking good stories, too, in one, I'd recommend *Everybody's Dog Book.* About doctoring, you won't beat Sewell's *Dictionary of Medicine.* The invaluable little books by "Great Dane," on Feeding and Breeding are splendid. The weekly paper, *Our Dogs,* publishes a useful list of doggy books, and supplies 'em. The best Dog *Stories*? Well, give me *Jock of the Bush Veld, Finn the Wolfhound, The Call of the Wild, Jan Son of Finn, White Fang,* John Mills's *Life of a Foxhound,* and — yes, I'd include *Owd Bob,* chiefly for the Sheepdog trials.

No, "J.R.D., Matlock," I couldn't possibly say which is "really the nicest" of the four breeds you name, any more than I could tell you which was "nicest"—cream cheese, caramels, or cantaloup; but I venture to say you're mistaken about Pugs. I've known Pugs active and keen as any Terrier; intelligent, companionable, alert; not at all the somnolent grampuses you imagine.

The Daughter of an Irish Peer

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY JUNE BUTLER

Younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick, whose engagement to Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield has recently been announced. The Earl of Carrick whose earldom dates from 1748, was created a peer of the United Kingdom in 1912, with the title of Baron Butler

At Face Value

BY H. H. HARRIS

A VERY "DEAR" BARGAIN

LONDON CLUB TYPES

BY "ANTHONY"

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

No. III.—"The Tabby"

It is a difficult and delicate matter for a man to write about a woman's club. To begin with, where clubs are concerned the human race returns to its most primitive instincts.

Students of history know that aboriginal man ate alone, and that even still among certain tribes the womenfolk take their food apart, while the men gather round the common pot.

Therefore to this day in men's clubs there is always a dining-room set apart for women guests. But women's clubs offer much more open-handed hospitality, and after all the kindness one has received one hesitates to write in any but glowing terms of a Ladies' Club like, say, "The Tabby."

I have a near relative who belongs to "The Tabby," and she sometimes invites me there to dine. Having once passed the scrutiny of the hall-porter, who won't let a man in if his wife is a member, without considerable formalities (young married women seem to have copied man's idea of using clubs as refuges from the domestic blast), one gets a free run of the place.

And what a run it is; what a gauntlet, as the page boy takes one into the drawing-room, twenty pairs of feminine eyes fasten upon one; and one sits on the extreme edge of a chair, and prays for the early arrival of one's hostess. She comes (the hostess); up flash the twenty pairs of eyes again. "Who is that man Milly Bint has got dining with her?"

"Heaven knows; might be anybody." Heads come together, eyes look down noses; some of the older members have not a great opinion of Milly Bint.

Are women curious? Can one feel dampness in the air? I only ask anyone in any doubt about women's curiosity to go and wait for a member in the drawing-room of The Tabby. It is a nerve-racking experience. I have told Milly I won't do it again. I'll wait for her in a taxi outside.

The Tabby's membership list is very curious. One can't exactly label it, like you can a man's club, as catering for a particular section of the feminine community. Many different types belong. There is Mrs. Quorn, who wears check coats and skirts, a stock tie and spats; she orders a whisky-and-soda before lunch, and sits biting a long cigarette-holder with her feet against the mantelpiece. There is a little grey-haired spinster, with the gentlest manner in the world, who uses the club every day for lunch and dinner, knows exactly who else uses it, and has a tongue like an asp. There are many others I have not space to enumerate.

Contrary to popular opinion about catering in women's clubs, the food is rather good. The days seem to have passed when women were content to eat anything their clubs provided. The port—No! It is a curious thing that, however good judge a woman may be of champagne or other wine, when it comes to port she has one criterion—the sweeter the better.

However, the real gem of The Tabby is the card room upstairs, where I once played a never-to-be-forgotten game of poker. Some women are splendid gamblers; frankly the members of The Tabby are not. They have a curious code of rules which they none of them adhere to; one of these rules is that it isn't sporting to bluff against a loser. From what I could see of the game it wasn't a particularly popular thing to do to bluff at any time, to judge by some of the looks I saw exchanged.

I am afraid this is rather an unkind little article; but it is nothing to what women say about our clubs, and having for several years borne in silence a series of innuendoes against two of the most respectable men's clubs in London, it is rather nice to get a little of my own back.

Last Week:
"THE MELCHISEDEC"

STRAYED THOUGHTS

It's long since I left England,
And I miss her every day;
And of all things I miss these most
When my thoughts go out her way:
The silver heads of England,
And the shining, bald ones, too;
And a patch of garden in a suburb
Blooming as no other gardens do;
Primroses smiling at a boat-train,
Hop-oasts russet in the rain;
And grey, grim stations that are ogres when you go,
And fairies when you come again.

H. PEARL ADAM

Yet Another Point of View

MONTE CARLO FROM THE AIR

An interesting aeroplane photograph of this most favoured of Riviera resorts, showing the Casino, the Casino Gardens - that veritable arboreal museum—the Café de Paris, the Hotel de Paris, with the "Tire au Pigeons" in the foreground

"One of the attributes of old France"

Savoir-Manger Revival

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

WE begin to pull ourselves together. For the long time we have been down at the dumps, as I think you call it. We had accumulated a number of the bad habits and had lost a quantity of the good ones. It has been the War that has been responsible for this unfortunate lapse. So many of the matters which do require the care and the consideration have had to go to the scrap because of the pressure of the more urgent things. One of these was the custom to eat well.

IN the good old times of the *avant-guerre*, Paris, as you well recollect, has been the capital of the *gourmets*. All the epicures of the world have come to the banks of the Seine, when they have wished to satisfy the craving for an unbroken array of the adored delicacies. But in the *temps de guerre* all these indulgences have been put away, as is fit and proper. And in the suspension of the ritual of the table had grown the habit to tolerate the inferiorities, both in the matter of the fare and of the service.

SO deeply, in fact, had the taste defaulted in this affair of the table that one has had to organise a special week, with the object to revive the art to eat. It has been feared that, if the drastic measures should not be taken, there could be the real danger to lose for ever one of the most sound attributes of old France. Well, it does now appear that the campaign for the restoration of the lost art has borne the fruit. The *souci de bien manger* has been revived.

THERE is the wide and general interest in the gastronomy. Not alone is this evident, moreover, among the veterans who have long considered themselves the *gourmets*, but also among the mass of the great public. Nor is the trend confined to the careful scrutiny and criticism of the *repas* in the restaurants, but also in the homes. The guests are treated with the greater respect in the preparation of the *plats* and are not any longer expected to submit to the sad substitutes. In the restaurants the *clients* have become *exigeant* and the *maitre d'hôtel* is made aware that the *maison* must live up to the tradition which it has acquired in the times when peace has reigned and not raged.

HEUREUSEMENT that the *maîtres d'hôtel* do discover in the new spirit of *exigeance* a sign of the discrimination and not of the futile captiousness. One of them, in an important hotel of the *Centre*, has declared, "Now that my *clientèle* does show itself *difficile, j'en suis ravi.*

"I HAVE had the horrors of the clients who have considered everything to be equally good. It has seemed to me that these people could go on the morrow to a factory where one would fabricate the portions by the machinery, and still they would pronounce everything to be excellent. With the diners of the such category the *bonne cuisine* has not any resort left but to die. But now that they make the criticisms when the *plats* do not fulfil the expectations there is the encouragement to provide the best."

"Le souci de bien manger"

THIS authority would not have you to make the mistake that the art to *savoir manger* does come in an evening. *C'est toute une éducation*, has he insisted. In order to become a *gourmet* it is necessary to have the desire to be. The correct taste does establish itself. But it must not be forced. He has recalled that our great-great-grandfathers have shown themselves very competent over the pleasures of the table. Ordinarily they are accorded an ability which we have recently not seemed to possess.

"La galanterie s'effrit"

YET, in the light of the present trend, perhaps is it that we have underestimated our own capacities. Our great-great-grandfathers have possessed two great advantages. They have been able to perfect the *savoir manger* because that they have never been in a hurry and because that they have not been troubled by the Dear Life. We shall be able to become their rivals in the refinements of gastronomy if we agree to consecrate the necessary time to the repasts. We must revive the tradition that *une heure passée à table, n'est pas une heure perdue.*

WHEN that shall have been accomplished we shall be a long way on the road to the recovery of the *joie de vivre*. And, perhaps, may it be also, that we shall have made the long steps on the path of peace. At the Conference of Lausanne, a particularly successful start has been made with the manufacture of the peace, by the assistance of the *chefs*. Signor Mussolini has invited Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré to dine with him immediately on arrival. M. Poincaré has countered with an invitation to Lord Curzon and Signor Mussolini on the morrow; while Lord Curzon has, in stately fashion, maintained the series on the day after.

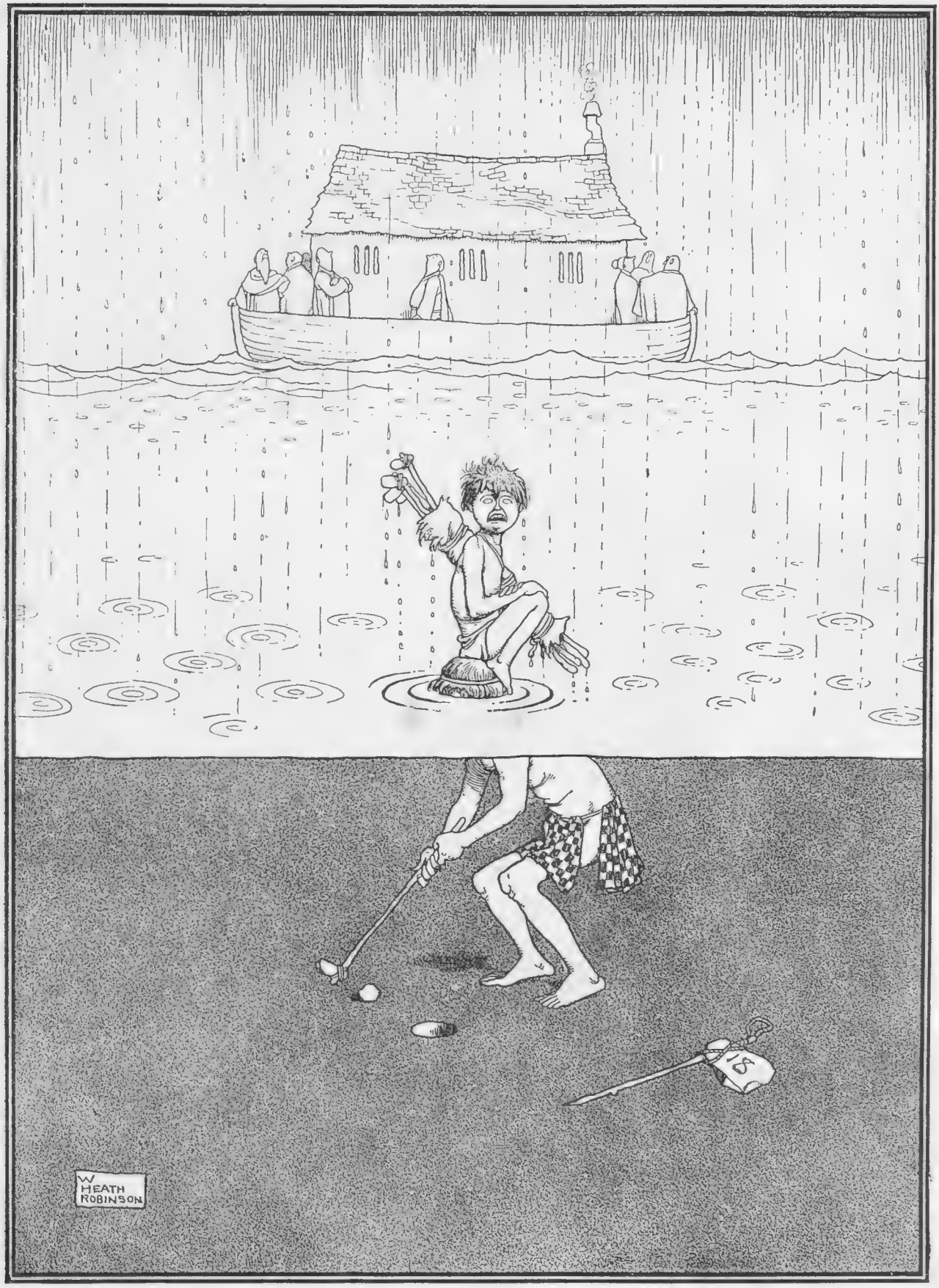
AND the *chefs* have arisen to the seriousness of the situation. They have avoided the *menus échauffants*, the dishes which are too highly spiced, the *viandes faisandées*, and the lobsters. They have appreciated that the outlook would be sombre in the Orient if the diplomats should be involved in the local troubles, that the peace of Europe could be menaced if the digestions should not be perfect. So they have served the *bons petits plats fins et legers*, with a particular avoidance of the *tournedos*. It would not have been thought that the Turkey would have reason to congratulate the saucepan, but if the end of Lausanne does maintain the promise of the commencement that shall certainly be the case.

"The critics have terribly condemned it"

MALHEUREUSEMENT, just when one good old custom does revive, is announced the departure of another. On the high authority are we informed—and the fact is generally recognised—that *la galanterie s'effrite. En effet*, it has become of the most difficult to offer a seat to a lady in an autobus or in the underground. If one does risk the adventure it is of the most rare to receive the thanks and the more rare to be rewarded with the smile. Either does the lady accept the seat with a glare to show that she has considered one to have made the approaches and to resent them, or she will most stonily ignore the offer and leave one in the perplexity. And the similar behaviour is observed in all the affairs of this character. The blame is attributed to the ladies, on account of their insistence to be the equals in all the directions.

BUT there is not the possibility to account for the queer tastes. Otherwise could it be possible to account for *Locus Solus*, the play which the critics have declared to be the most crazy which has ever been presented in Paris. They cannot make out what it is supposed to be beyond the mere foolery, and they are very wrath with the gentleman who has invited them to waste the time to witness it. ROLAND

Après Ça—Le Deluge!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE LAST HOLE

". . . . And the Horn of the Huntsman is Heard on the Hill"

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

IN LLANDINAM VALLEY

Lt.-Colonel David Davies, M.P., with the splendid pack that he hunts in Montgomeryshire

HAWLEY'S OF THE HIGH STREET

BY "JINGLE."

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on 5th December, 1922

AUGUSTUS PERCIVAL HAWLEY is a middle-aged man who, before the War, had £250 for his sole capital and is now worth £250,000. I do not, myself, know how that trick is performed, but I can only hope that the Labour Party won't get to hear of it. Formerly of the High Street, as the title of the play implies, Mr. Hawley now lives in gilded splendour at Hampstead, and he has a "place" at Endcliffe-on-Sea also. Indeed, but for the latter, much of the excuse for writing this play would have been missing.

MR. and Mrs. Hawley have an only child, Millicent. One afternoon Milly (if she will forgive this familiarity) was strolling on the pier at Endcliffe-on-Sea, when, either by accident or design (the girls are so artful nowadays!), she fell into the water. Instantly a brave and handsome young man who was standing near threw off his coat and jumped in, and saved her life. We hear these details from Mrs. Hawley who narrates them in a state of excitement only natural to a fond mother; and in due course Millicent herself comes into the room and finishes the drying of her hair, doubtless to let us see that it is all her own. If it had been a detachable commodity, as I am credibly informed is sometimes the case, no doubt the drying process would have been conducted "off."

MR. and Mrs. Hawley are just wondering what kind of a young man it was who rescued Millicent, and whether they should offer him a reward of half-a-crown or go as high as a fiver, when the butler comes to announce Dennis, Viscount Roxton. Mrs. Hawley gets a laugh by noisely informing her husband that a "Viking" has called, and the two are hurriedly discussing the necessary etiquette of the situation, when Dennis is shown in. The Hawleys have no doubt whatever as to the ultimate intentions of his lordship. There is a tradition that a man who rescues a girl from the cruel waves always ends by marrying her, and the tradition is so generally accepted that if the young man in the case does not press his suit in due course, I should not be surprised to hear that he would be liable to pay heavy damages for breach of contract. Indeed there are some young men who respect this ancient tradition so highly that when they have done no more than give a seat to a lady in the train they feel constrained by a sense of duty to follow the adventure up, though I believe this practice is not looked upon with favour in the best circles.

HIS Lordship, as it happens, has been in love with Millicent for some time past. He has haunted the pier trodden by her dainty feet in the hope of getting a word with her, and the little accident was, is they used to say in the Army, money for jam. You can't introduce yourself very formally to a lady

whom you are saving in a hurry from a watery grave; but, on the other hand, the situation excuses all sorts of endearing terms which you may or may not wish to repudiate later, after you have had a better look at her face. Viscount Roxton, however, has no intention of going back. Whether he asks papa, or whether papa asks him, I could not clearly decide in the rush; but he receives the ready consent of both parents to pay court to Millicent. Indeed, it is only by the exercise of a commendable restraint that they do not

(*Continued on page* 918)

Christmas Stars—A Closer View

(Left) MISS CLARICE MAYNE
The Prince of Principal Boys, in Cinderella at the Hippodrome

WAITING FOR P
Three wonderful L
the famous Ball

MISS VIOLET HOWARD
THE "Dar-ling" in "Aladdin" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Mr. Aladdin evidently has some other wonderful things besides his Lamp!

ONE OF THE PERFECT PLUMES
Miss Elise Craven, in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," which is rising phœnix-like and gorgeous as ever, at the Duke of York's Theatre

of the Pantomime Firmament

CE CHARMING
XII dresses for
in Cinderella

MISS VERA PEARCE (Right)
In "Sinbad the Sailor," at the
Theatre Royal, Glasgow

THE PRINCE OF VICTORIA PALACE
Miss Ruby Hilary as the Prince, in "The Windmill Man," the delightful faërie play for children which Bert Coote is producing "down Vauxhall way"

BACK-CHAT AT THE LYCEUM
Miss Nancy Benyon, with a chatty little friend. Miss Benyon plays Robinson Crusoe in that popular panto at the Lyceum

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, I. B., Mendoza and Stage Photo Co.

THE GUESTS WHO FAILED TO SCARE THE VISCOUNT

actually push him into her arms. Millicent, however, is a far-seeing girl. She would like nothing better than to marry a nice young Viscount like Dennis; but as he gradually made the acquaintance of her father's circle of friends, she feels sure he would turn from her and cease to come home to tea with the dutiful regularity of the domesticated husband.

MILLY, therefore, proposes that before closing with the deal, the Viscount should, in short, wait and see. If after a month has elapsed Dennis is not scared off the course by the distressing vulgarity of their social circle, she will permit the engagement to proceed. The month expires at the beginning of the second act, when Milly arranges that Dennis shall be subjected to what, I believe, is popularly known as the acid test. Having to make arrangements for a dinner-party which her mother is giving, she takes it upon herself to invite all the "outsiders" who claim acquaintance with her family. Before the guests arrive on the appointed evening, however, the household arrangements become disturbed by the illness of the butler, who is suddenly incapacitated from performing his duties. Viscount Roxton at once steps into the breach, just as anyone in his position would naturally do. He volunteers to take the butler's place on the understanding that an announcement will be made to the effect that Viscount Roxton has been, unfortunately, precluded by indisposition from gracing the proceedings with his presence.

THE rest of this act consists chiefly of a parade of well-known characters who constitute the guests at the dinner-party. First of all there is the Mayor of St. Maryboro', who turns up wearing his chain of office; and then there is the Mayor's lady, dressed with really ferocious taste, who is

ALICE MOFFAT AS MILLICENT
FRANCIS LISTER AS DENNIS

over-partial to Mr. Hawley's old port during dinner, and gets a bit light-headed as the evening wears on. The one course that was not supplied at the dinner was the soup, for the simple reason that the indisposed butler dropped the tray holding the supply, so that the company had to skip from the *hors d'œuvres* to the fish at a single bound. But the Mayor's lady, politely endeavouring to excuse an abnormal thirst, wishes everybody to understand that it is entirely due to the soup having been oversalted. This is a quite amusing and nicely restrained exhibition by Miss Winifred Dennis, who made us all laugh very much.

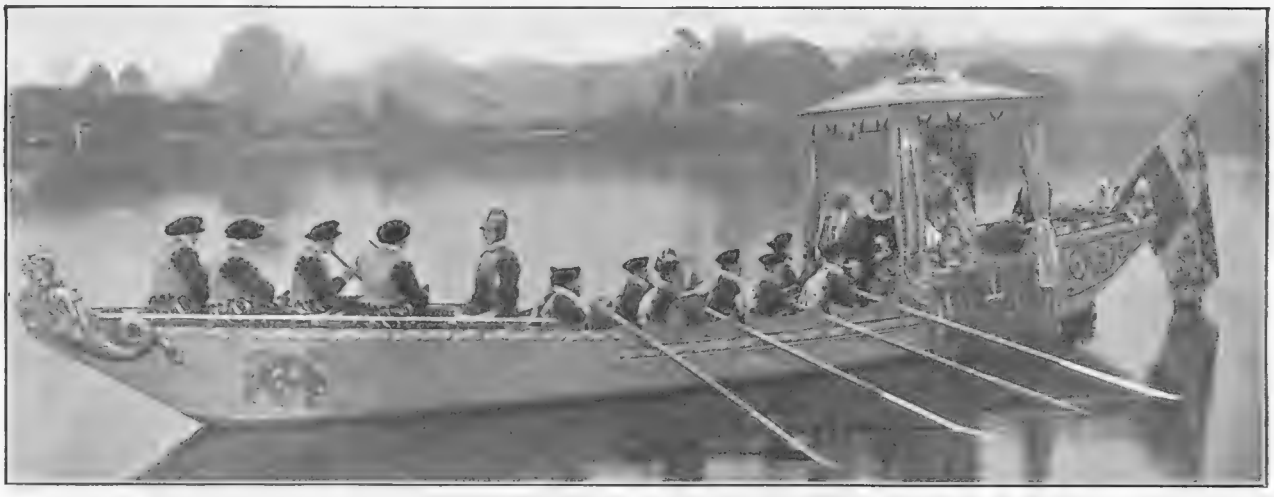
QUITE a priceless pair among the guests are Mr. Stanley Hawkins and his *fiancée*. Mr. Hawkins is just the ordinary type of "bounder," but, as conscientiously represented by Mr. Bertram Fryer, he becomes a very able caricature. When a suitable apology is made for the absence of Viscount Roxton from the proceedings, Mr. Hawkins claims to know his lordship very well, and, indeed, permits himself to divulge a few imaginary details of his lordship's gallantries. This all but provokes a regrettable scene between Mr. Hawkins and the temporary butler; and the magnificent appeal of Mr. Hawkins that the butler will kindly keep his place is quite delicious. His *fiancée* (Miss Ethel Hodgson) rather overdoes the good work a little with her giggling airs and her singing performance, but the audience found her very entertaining notwithstanding. Mr. Hawley is represented by Mr. Edward Irwin, who crowds every possible ounce of "business" into his part; while Miss Clare Greet as Mrs. Hawley is irresistibly droll. The third act clears up the situation very satisfactorily; and the play itself, without pretending, I take it, to be highbrow drama, is just one of those very English farces which usually prove to be extremely popular among average theatre-goers.

JINGLE

MR AND MRS HAWLEY RECEIVE THE VISCOUNT

CLARE GREET EDWARD IRWIN AND FRANCIS LISTER

Manners Maketh—Another Film



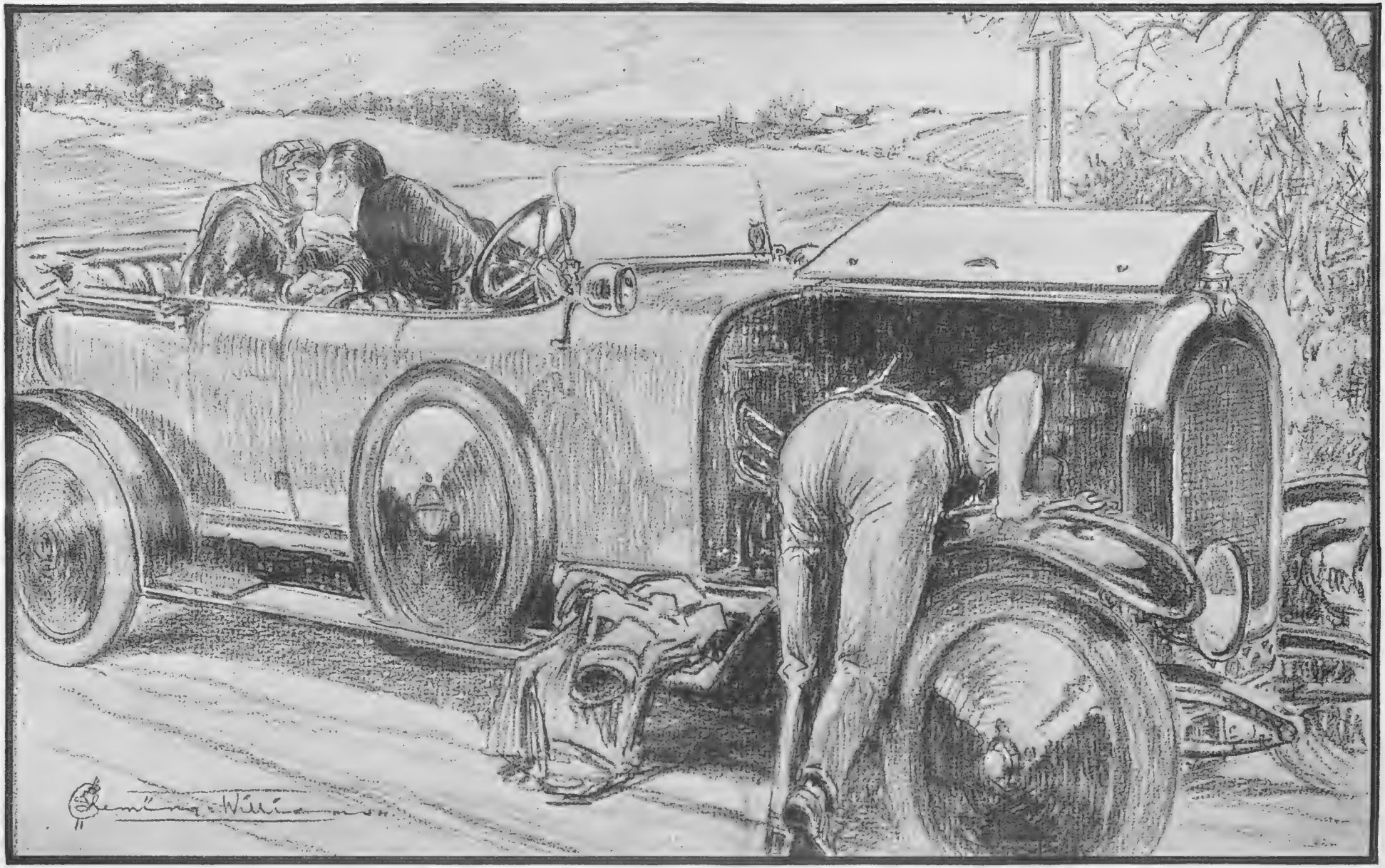
"... TO THE TUNE OF FLUTES KEPT STROKE"

The Royal Barge bears Queen Elizabeth with her Secretary of State and Ladies-in-Waiting along the Thames. Lady Diana Manners makes Elizabeth Tudor a reincarnation of the traditional portraits of Good Queen Bess

"THE VIRGIN QUEEN"

Lord Robert Dudley (Carlyle Blackwell) pleads his cause with Queen Elizabeth. This is the second film in which Lady Diana Manners has appeared under the direction of Mr. J. Stuart Blackton. It has been splendidly produced, the magnificent costumes being designed by Mrs. Blackton, and its producer claims that it will serve as excellent British propaganda, dealing, as it does, with the birth of the Empire

A Short Circuit



BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

If you are looking for trouble, you'll find it under the bonnet

A New Series of Amusing Conversations, Each Complete in Itself

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. III.

American Inter-Collegiate Football

"WELL, Mawruss, I see where Princeton is over three times as good a college as Harvard," Abe Potash remarked to his partner, Morris Perlmutter. "They tried it out last month by a game of football, and the way Princeton come to be three times as good a college as Harvard was that Princeton melded eleven goals while Harvard only melded three goals."

"And I suppose, Abe, a couple of hundred students who was studying engineering or something at Harvard right away resigned, and took the first train for Princeton, ain't it?" Morris said.

"Say!" Abe retorted. "That ain't so crazy as it sounds, Mawruss, which there is plenty of young fellers who was going to Harvard next year, and on account of that game would go instead to Princeton. In fact, Mawruss, one of the surest ways for a college to lose a lot of new accounts which would be ordinarily coming to it *next* fall, is to get licked good and plenty at football *this* fall."

"Then all I can say is that the young man which picks out his college on account of its football record, must got to do a lot of close figuring, Abe, because if Princeton licks Harvard one Saturday and then gets licked by Yale on the next Saturday, how is a young feller going to make his decision if on the Saturday after that, y'understand, Harvard gets a new start and licks Yale?" Morris demanded.

"*That* I couldn't tell you, Mawruss, no more than I could even make a guess why it is that when a young feller is picking out a college for the purpose of getting an education, he should give a nickel whether Yale licked Harvard, Harvard licked Princeton, or they all licked one another, y'understand," Abe declared. "The business of colleges is education, and the business of baseball teams is baseball, y'understand, but to my mind, it would be just so much a reason for deciding that the New York Giants is three times a better team than the Chicago

"Schultz made a run of 62 notes on the trombone for Yale"

Cubs if they was to be given examinations in history, geography, or grammar, and the Giants was to pass with a mark of 100, while the Cubs failed with a mark of 33, y'understand."

Suppose Orchestras Played Baseball

"Well," said Morris, "when it comes to ball teams and baseball, Abe, people pay their good money to ball clubs because the quality of the baseball is better in some cases than in others, but when it comes to colleges and education, Abe, the kind of education they hand out is all of the same high-grade quality. Everybody knows that Yale gives as good an education as either Princeton or Harvard, and therefore the colleges has got to sell themselves to the public on other propositions than education, like baseball, football, or rowing."

"Say! For my part, I believe it is no more undignified for a college to make its football an inducement to students than it would be for an orchestra to play baseball on the side as an inducement for new subscribers," Abe said. "In fact, it would be a whole lot better for colleges, if they can't sell themselves to the public on education alone, Mawruss, to substitute music itself—or even painting—as a proposition for attracting public interest, in place of such low brow propositions as football or baseball."

Schultz, Sub Trombonist, is a Hero

"I suppose your idea is, Abe, that two picked college teams of orchestra players would perform Gasotsky's 29th Symphony in B flat, before an attendance of 40,000 in the Stadium at New Haven," Morris retorted, "and that the newspapers would all report next morning how Schultz, playing second trombone for the Yale team, made a run of sixty-two notes from Yale's G below middle C, and had to be carried from the field with a strained bronchial toob, and a compound fracture of the upper lip."

"Well, Mawruss, colleges has got intercollegiate debating teams and intercollegiate chess contests, and that's got something to do with the brains and not the feet," Abe said.

"Sure, I know," Morris agreed, "but somehow or another, Abe, such contests don't seem to get colleges the right kind of publicity with prospective students. Also they don't appeal to students actually in college the way football does. Nobody never heard of Yale students going round New Haven after Yale won a chess contest, and showing their enthusiasm by knocking down policemen or stealing signs from in front of stores.

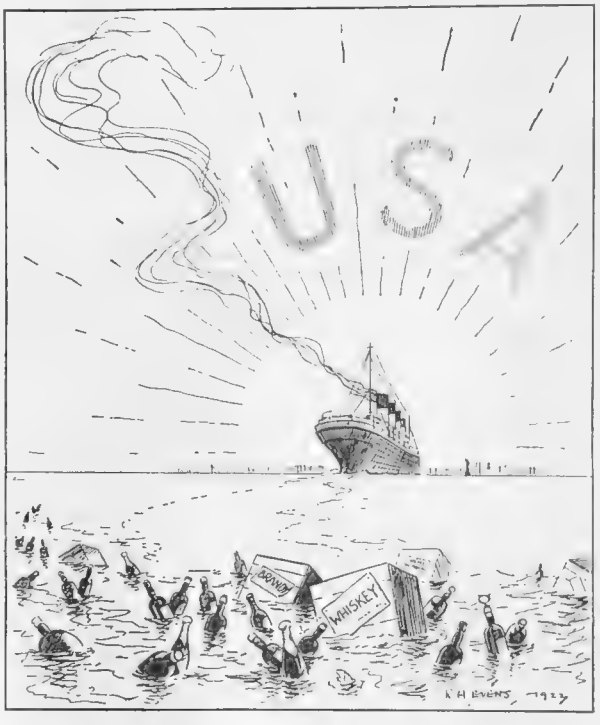
"I suppose also, Mawruss, that a joint debate or a chess contest wouldn't cause a crowd of forty thousand people to go to New Haven and sit outdoors in November for two hours or so," Abe said, "on account there ain't the attractive features to such contests as there is to bull-fights, football games, prize-fights, and major surgical operations."

Cost of Stadium versus Assorted College Buildings

"Well, while I don't think that people who go to football games actually enjoy seeing the players get hurt, Abe, still you must got to admit that football is much more interesting to watch than a joint debate, where the worst that can happen to one of the contestants is laryngitis," Morris observed.

"Then all I can hope is that the gate receipts is paid over to the right people," Abe said, "because where a college gets publicity in one page of a paper for saying that its professors can't expect to marry as they are only paid $2,500 a year, and also gets publicity in another page for taking in thirty thousand dollars paid admissions to a football game, y'understand, it certainly ain't too much to ask of such a college that the thirty thousand dollars should be divided in the proportions of, anyhow, one-half to the professors and one-half to the football coach."

"As far as the gate receipts goes, Abe," Morris said, 'for all I know they are entirely eaten up by expenses. A college football team costs a lot of money to run, according to the newspapers. There's special food and special travelling accommodations for the players, and them stadiums ain't overly cheap to build neither. Take them stadiums holding forty thousand people, Abe, and for what it costs to build only one of them, y'understand, a college could build and equip six medical schools, eight dental schools, and a couple of dozen assorted schools of pharmacy, veterinary surgery, and commerce. Seemingly, also, Abe, for what it costs to feed one halfback during a college term, a professor of English language and literature and his family could live comfortably for twenty years."



By R. H. Evens

THE THREE-MILE LIMIT

"And, I suppose, they are also under such expenses as splints, X-ray pictures, crutches and artificial legs for the lighter members of the team," Abe suggested.

"Maybe that part of it is taken care of by a blanket policy in a casualty insurance company," Morris said, "but at any rate, Abe, I don't believe any part of the gate receipts goes to the professors."

Hist! Maybe This is Why Harvard Lost

"Then they should ought to," Abe declared, "which personally, while I don't think that anybody in his right mind should be willing to travel four or five hours on a train, and spend a lot of money for fares, admission tickets and meals simply to watch a two-hour long football game, Mawruss, still, at the same time, there would be some excuse for it if it was done for the benefit of under-nourished college professors."

"But the people that go to all that trouble are usually old gradgawates of the two colleges which are playing the football game, Abe," Morris said, "and what makes them do it is their college spirit."

"But if they've got college spirit as badly as all that, Mawruss, why couldn't they deny themselves the pleasure of seeing the game, and instead take the money they would spend for railroad fare, admissions and meals, and remit it direct to the treasurer of their college with instructions to apply it to the professors' wages?" Abe asked.

"Maybe the college figures that by playing intercollegiate football, and attracting old gradgawates that way, it is working up the same college spirit which causes an old gradgawate to remember his college, not only on the day when football games is played, but also on the day when he goes downtown to his lawyer's office to sign his last will and testament," Morris said.

"Still, Mawruss, you must admit that it's very funny, to say the least, when Harvard claims in one breath that she is playing football to get more students because she hasn't got enough, and then says in the next, that she is making it hard for students to get into Harvard because she has too many already," Abe said.

"Well, Abe," Morris concluded, "maybe that's the reason Harvard let herself be beaten a lot this season."

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

By Wilson Fenning

Wife: "Don't you think we could run to the opera this week, Jack?"
Husband: "We might—and *walk back!*"

SHOULD HER MOTHER COME, TOO?

By Frank R. Grey

"My sister is coming to live in your neighbourhood shortly, and I should be so pleased if you would call on her. She doesn't know a soul round about, and would be glad to see *anyone!*"

THE FAMILY'S DAY OUT. BY "PENDARVES"

I REMEMBER distinctly strolling into Queen's Club, in 1913, a quarter of an hour before the 'Varsity Match began, and getting a good seat without any difficulty. We sat on a raised tier of benches, only about six rows of them, I think, and saw everything, in the rain, but without let or hindrance.

What a difference to-day! A succession of anxious men interviewed me before the 'Varsity Match this year, to know if I could wangle anything for them. They had tried everything. Nothing doing. All seats sold long ago. By the way, this seat question is becoming a burning one, and I shall have a few earnest words to say about that next week.

But, of course, nowadays the Rugby fight between Oxford and Cambridge draws a crowd to Twickenham, second only in size and enthusiasm to an International.

Why? Because it has become the family's day out. And not only the families of the players, and their friends' families, as, after all, there are only thirty players concerned. All sorts of people see fit to go to the 'Varsity match, who are by no means regular Rugby spectators.

It has always struck me as an astonishing thing what a star turn in the public estimation the rival 'Varsities are when they turn out against each other for supremacy. For the Boat Race London takes a day off everywhere. It doesn't matter if Cambridge are leading by fourteen lengths at Barnes Bridge, and two men in the Oxford eight have died of syncope; London, or as much of it as can pack itself on the towpath and roof tops, screams itself hoarse with excitement. Similarly in "The Match," although the football is often poor twenty thousand enthusiasts park themselves in the Twickenham stands, and yell. And come away feeling they have had the best seven-and-sixpenny-worth this year.

The explanation is, of course, the atmosphere. A dramatic atmosphere has enveloped the "rugger match" ever since the Universities first met to settle the business at Oxford in 1871. But imagine the *furore* of the spectators nowadays if the rule still held good (as it did in 1874) that no match could be won unless a goal were actually scored. In that year Oxford scored two tries to nil, and the match was declared drawn! I wonder what the king-beaver from Ireland, on my right in the Stand, would have done about it? As it was he became purple in the face with partisanship for Cambridge before they scored their first try the other day, and was a mouthing, inarticulate mute with hysteria at half-time.

BY VICTOR HICKS

A XMAS "HAMPER"

A perceptible thrill of excitement goes down the family's spine when the light blue and white stripes, and the dark blue blazers line up for the King's handshake.

When the light blues, in their white shorts, spread fan-wise across the field, and the dark blues follow staidly, but looking terribly workmanlike, the zero hour, as it were, has been reached. The women scan the programmes quickly to interpret numbers on men's backs, and check the half-asked questions of their escorts, who are not listening. Experts from all the schools and 'Varsities of the world look the players over with critical eyes. The latecomer, fumbling about for his seat, is cursed in undertones, by both sexes. The leading forward raises his hand to the kick-off and at that moment every new player on the field becomes a "Blue." I think, perhaps, it is the latter fact also which weighs with us subconsciously, stirring our excitement. They have been chosen, from a couple of thousand or so of their fellows. They are the survival of the fittest, and we automatically do them honour, wishing we could stand in the limelight, as they do. For an hour and a half we watch ecstatically the ebb and flow of battle. It matters not if it is all ebb and no flow for one side, as it sometimes is; you never know, in a 'Varsity match, what may happen. It is all excitement, and shoutings, and fierce, ultra-fierce, tackling (which we love, so long as it is not we who are the tackled), and spectacular runs, and the breath-taking pause after frenzied tries, and the mush of cars on the road out and home, and the general atmosphere of gala, and we in the thick of it, as is right and proper.

It doesn't matter a row of pins about the *quality* of the football.

It is the 'Varsity Rugger Day; to be followed by the 'Varsity Rugger Night—and everyone knows what *that* means, especially the patient constables of the "C" Division. God bless them!

BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE DEVIL'S OWN LUCK

BY HELEN McKIE

HOLD TIGHT!

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Dance that Didn't

BY WALTER BUCKSTONE

THE habit of dancing lies in the background as an excuse for the perpetration of this story. Mr. McQuaggis, who, for want of another male character, flits across the screen of our story as the hero, had at one time satisfied himself conclusively that the aid of about half a crown's worth of dancing was all one needed to qualify for breaking all the laws written in the Bible, the penal code and *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*.

As Mr. McQuaggis' name will be set up in type more than once, if this story by any chance or mischance ever happens to get as far as the compositors, it will be as well, perhaps, to condense it to "Mr. McQ." (This will help the printers out with the small g's.)

Now for a complete understanding of the mentality of our Mr. McQ. Going to the bad for a start and dealing with man's worser instincts, it can be stated emphatically and without any fear of contradiction that dancing used up every scrap of hate that Mr. McQ. had been equipped with. He loathed dancing, which he considered, individually and in the bulk, as the lowest form of human existence. At the other end of his scale of emotions existed a wonderful love for, and trust in, his wife, Mrs. McQ., whom, it seems pretty obvious, must have been more than fond of him to allow a maiden name of Phyllis Hill to be put out of commission in favour of the McQ. label. All that remains of Mr. McQ.'s inner self, between the extremes of love and hate, we can dismiss in a few words—he was moderate in intelligence, wealth, ambition, and energy. He had a bad temper and a bad motor-car—I'm not sure which of these last two items he acquired first.

And now for a little space in which to do a write-up on our leading lady, Mrs. McQ. She was a good wife to him, and would, undoubtedly, have been a good mother to his children, had he had any—which he hadn't.

Side-tracking for a moment, let us think what life really holds for a childless wife. About the biggest thing she can achieve is a visit to the pictures, followed by a walk home, in the course of which she can imagine that there is a scenario lying on a little shelf in Heaven, in which she welcomes home a rich uncle at the end of the third reel, and inherits all his money at the start of the fourth, after which they (meaning Mr. and Mrs. McQ.) settle down for the last two reels to bathe in milk and watch other people working. It is when she reaches home, and hears Mr. McQ. enquiring whether the missing button has been stitched on his pyjama coat, that she wakes up to real life, and realises that it is not her for the Rolls-Royces and electric launches—all she can hope for is to come on a few times in the crowd scenes.

That evening Fate got really busy—a circular was delivered to the McQ. domicile, solely designed and distributed for the purpose of enticing all who had ever been bitten by the fox-trot flea to make any sacrifice called for, to enable them to put in an appearance at the Palais de Terpsichore on the occasion of their Mid-Winter Carnival and Confetti Battle. Mr. McQ., who was busy solving a draught problem for the benefit of posterity, lifted his eyes slowly. They were full of thought, which accounts for his lack of speed. He was in time, however, to discover his wife with a rapt look on her face, fondling the circular. She gazed at the printed matter which occupied its face, and then, turning to Mr. McQ., remarked how nice it would be to go to a dance—that she hadn't been to a dance for ages—so long ago, in fact, that she had forgotten when—that heaps of her friends would sure to be there, and so on. Mr. McQ. let her run down a bit before he spoke his lines, which were few, but furious. When his recitation ended Mrs. McQ. should have been quite satisfied that she was not even to dream of going to a dance, and as for actually going, that crime would be classified in the same group as selling up the male McQ.'s home and running away with the milkman. The outburst against dancing was so venomous, so full of spleen and other things of a like nature, that Mrs. McQ. was put "all in a heap," for several seconds, during which time Mr. McQ. had settled down once more to his problem, still quivering as more rage bubbled up.

The subject uppermost in Mrs. McQ.'s mind was not mentioned at breakfast. As a matter of fact, nothing at all was mentioned. Mr. McQ. suffered from burnt toast without a murmur, rather than raise the matter of the toast, and, in doing so, perhaps let his wife imagine his views on dancing might be changed. A sleepless night had convinced Mr. McQ. that on this point he could join with the Sphinx, Gibraltar and Tax Collectors in general as being among the immutables. His departure for business was accompanied by that restraint and silence one associates with a funeral or an ice chest. As soon as she was alone Mrs. McQ. got busy cogitating, which did little else for her but pass the time away—then she settled down to convert an old summer frock into a new evening gown, and so the weary day passed.

Evening came and with it came Mr. McQ.'s homecoming. By this time the self-inflicted silence was beginning to hurt Mrs. McQ.—so much so, that even at the risk of appearing friendly, she inquired if her husband had had a good day. It happened that Mr. McQ.'s day that day had been a decided improvement on his night, the night before, so he replied with a cheerful "Yes, darling." It was a foolish move to make on his part, and Mrs. McQ. at once sensed the opportunity of reopening the dance question, after he had taken the edge off his appetite. At the tail end of their feed, Mrs. McQ. followed his appreciative remarks about the cooking, with a statement that her dear old Hubby was getting quite fat. He wasn't looking

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

two moves ahead, and, blandly agreeing with her, enquired whether more exercise might not reduce his figure. She had him where she wanted him now, and settled down to discuss rowing, cycling, running, and several other energetic pursuits from the point of view of their value as a means of reducing adiposity. They meandered through the realms of exercise, and at last came Mrs. McQ.'s inspiration. It was the inspiration that had been lying on her chest ever since she had drawn attention to Mr. McQ.'s need of exercise—"Why not try dancing, dear?"—She was still speaking as Mr. McQ. rose from his chair and exploded. As the smoke cleared away, it became obvious that they had both decided to settle down to trench warfare again. Mrs. McQ. did a Christian martyr act, but only the canary appreciated its finer points, for Hubby was busily engaged standing tense in front of the gem of the McQ. art collection—a picture of Bonaparte—the Napoleon of that ilk—on the deck of the *Bellerophon*. As Mr. McQ. stood wondering how "Boney" would have dealt with such a situation, the dining-room door slammed with a crash, that was intended to convey Mrs. McQ.'s firm resolve to sever all diplomatic relations.

In the early morning a bedraggled edition of the immortal Corsican rose from the dining-room couch, and after a vain effort to get warm, opened the sideboard cupboard. He quaffed all that remained in the shape of medicinal brandy, and then coated, hatted and mufflered, silently stood for an infinitesimal part of a second on an icy patch outside the front door, then slipped down the steps. Picking himself up, and feeling overburdened with physical and mental anguish, he strode down the frost-clad streets into the realm of postmen and paper boys in search of his breakfast. He spent the day at business in a world that seemed made of emery paper and broken glass, and made a special point of missing his usual train home for the purpose of creating an impression in his wife's mind of his devil-may-care spirit. When he reached it, home was as black as his thoughts—no welcoming glimmer in the hall—no warming glamour in the fire-place—not even the annoyance of Mrs. McQ.'s presence.

Striving to impress the surrounding furniture with his unconcern, he slowly lit the gas. Everything was just as it should be according to the best authorities. Every boat that Mrs. McQ. possessed had been incinerated, and the last link between two souls that had been as one, lay on the centre of the table-cloth. It was a letter. He picked it up, opened it, and throwing the envelope to the ground in approved Picture Theatre style, read the contents. The first three pages dealt solely with the general unhappiness of Mrs. McQ.'s life, its limitations, and bonds, and the final paragraph was to the effect that all was over between them—she would go her way and he would go his. Poor old McQ. wasn't at all sure what way his was, but as for his wife, he knew for a certainty that by now she would be well up in the queue to book an entrance into Hades, in other words, that she had probably gone to the dance. A moment of floundering, and then the man in him came to the surface. He thought of all the endearing phrases he hadn't mentioned to her lately. The happiness of their courtship surged back to him. He could not let her take this awful plunge without an effort to save her. As he reached for his hat, the door of the room slowly opened, and, as slowly, Mrs. McQ. entered—her big eyes full of tears—her shoulders heaving with sorrow. Clasping her in his arms, Mr. McQ. held her sorrow-stricken form to his, and murmured soft words of comfort and forgiveness.

Let us leave them—such scenes as these are sacred.

. . . .

A week later, they wandered aimlessly—just as lovers do through the darkened streets. Rounding a corner they came to where the Palais de Terpsichore at one time reared its proud head. Nothing remained but a tangled heap of charred ruins——

Mr. McQ. did not think it opportune to revel in this fact, and Mrs. McQ. wondered if he would ever guess the real cause of her returning home so utterly broken-hearted on the night of the Mid-Winter Carnival and Confetti Battle.

By Macmichael

A SCHOOLBOY PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"—L.C.C. PLEASE NOTE!

Forest School, Walthamstow, have produced one of Shakespeare's plays every year since 1860, and the boys naturally pride themselves on their annual show. This year's production of "Twelfth Night" was a most creditable performance for all concerned

Furs & Their Wearers as seen in Paris

THE FOX

A LITTLE RABBIT

THE LEOPARD

THE SABLE LADY

LITTLE MONKEY

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

J. M. TAYLOR—159

E. L. HENDRY—146

Photographs Sport and General

W. OLDFIELD—118

These three N.S.W. cricketers made the above scores in a total of 786 against South Australia at Adelaide

Photograph

SURREY v. MIDDLESEX

In this match, which was played on December 13, Surrey emerged victors after a fast, but not particularly Gwyn Francis, M. G. Thomas, W. F. Browne, M. Crombie Steadman, D. H. Cox, A. D. Heaton, E. F. G. Haig, J. N. Wainwright, A. H. Shelswell, J. F. Wintour, A. C. Cottelle, R. Fenwick, O. R. Bethune.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

'VARSITY CROSS-COUNTRY WINNERS

Oxford and Cambridge runners met in the Annual Cross-Country Race at Roehampton on the 18th of the month. These are Oxford's representatives: Seated are J. H. Dickenson, N. A. McInnes (winner) and R. E. Brown. Behind them are J. B. Blagden, C. B. B. Morgan (3rd), P. H. M. Bryant (2nd), and Alfred Shrubb

H. V. Crow

AT RICHMOND

rilliant, game with a score of three goals and two tries to nothing. Reading from left to right are: A. E. Dodridge, (Ref.) A. J. Trollope, R. H. O'Brien, . B. Risk, E. T. Scott, J. R. Gammell, M. S. Bonaventura, J. C. Seager, G. T. E. Cockerill, F. H. Gwynne, C. W. R. Francis, V. Dallas-Coutt, V. N. Devonshire, K. McKessack, S. H. Wales, T. H. Clark, C. D. Wales, D. B. Anderson, E. G. Barrett, and Dr. J. A. Russell-Cargill

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOLF—AND HOW TO PLAY IT

As demonstrated at Blackwell Heath by Mr. Bobbie Harris, who captained the English amateurs on their tour in the States, Mr. Robert Howie, captain of the Muswell Hill Club, James Braid and B. McRae, professional of the Blackwell Heath Club

Photograph *Central News*

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

C, N. Lowe of Blackheath, who played on the right wing for the South v. England in the International Trial Match at Devonport on the 16th, breaking away from the scrum. The sides put up a very equal game, in fact there was little to choose between them, and heavy rain took a good deal of the edge off the play. England won by 6 points to 3

RACING NOTIONS

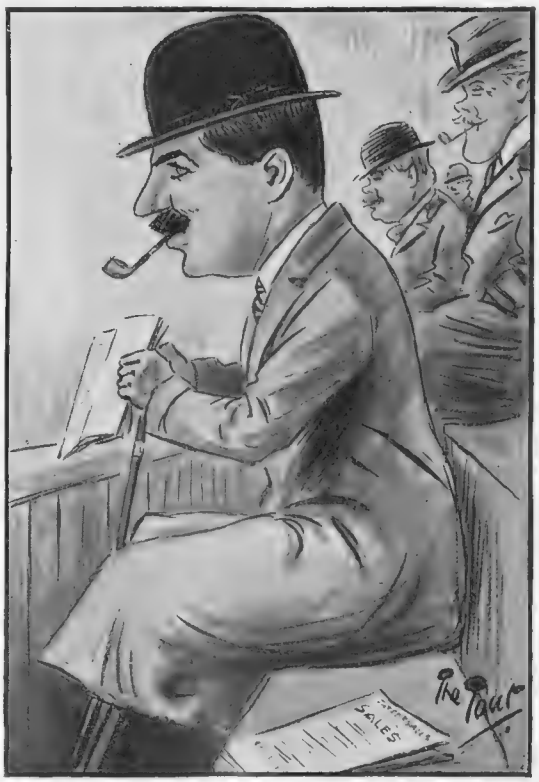
BY "CARBINE"

The National

THIS season the Grand National has come rather more quickly into discussion than usual owing to the decision to alter the conditions of entry. It will now cost £100 to run a horse in the premier steeplechase, exactly double the subscription last season, but I calculate that this time this unique race will be worth something between £8,000 and £9,000.

Arravale

AMONG likely National horses I shall follow the career of Arravale with great interest during the next two or three months. This is one of the grandest-looking 'chasers I have ever seen, and he is as good as he looks, judging by the fine show he put up at Aintree for a long way last season. When the field passed the stands for the first time Arravale was going as well as any of the survivors, and it was very bad luck both for him and his gallant rider that he came to grief a few fences later owing to being baulked by a dead horse on the landing side. I assume Mr. Whitaker will be on him again. Well, Percy is no longer a chicken, but for all his fifty years his nerve is as good as ever it was, and nobody knows the way round the Aintree country better than he does. The first horse I shall back for the National will be Arravale, and providing he keeps sound I do not intend to be stalled off him.



LORD STANLEY. By "THE TOUT"

At the December Sales at Newmarket. Our subject inherits all his father's love of bloodstock, and is a worthy upholder of the name that is a household word with every sportsman

For Lincoln

A HORSE upon whom I have an eye for the Lincolnshire Handicap is Tremola. You may ask whether the Lincoln mile will not be a bit too far for him. I agree that seven furlongs would probably suit him better, but the mile on the Carholme is not very difficult, and I believe Tremola will stay the journey. Mr. Archie Falcon gave a substantial sum for him at the December sales, so I think that Tremola, who has gone into "Tommy" Rintoul's capable hands, will be trained for the Lincoln. How about a little playful double—Arravale and Tremola?

A New Hurdler

THE present National Hunt season looks like panning out quite satisfactorily. Each week we hear of new horses of good repute who are being schooled over hurdles. One of the latest is Black Gown, who should certainly make a name for himself over the sticks. Providing he takes kindly to jumping, his splendid turn of speed should carry him to the front in some of the best stakes of the winter season. The executive of the Manchester Racecourse lay themselves out for a big National Hunt meeting at the New Year. The chief race on January 1 will be the Victory Steeplechase, which **Manrico** may win. For the Victory Hurdle Race on the following day my selection is **Charles Lever.**

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

The Festive Season

CHRISTMAS week is always a pleasant one in the hunting-field. Nearly every country-house has its party of guests, and the resources of the stable are taxed to the utmost in order to give them a day or two with the hounds. The boys and girls are home from school, and eager for a bit of hunting. Their ponies scamper helter-skelter over the fields, and help to increase that congestion at gates and gaps, which is ordinarily so trying to the temper. But don't get cross with the kiddies. Make things as easy for the young hopefuls as you can. It is all to the advantage of foxhunting that they should acquire an enthusiasm for it. The boy follower of to-day will probably become the hunt subscriber of to-morrow.

The Hunt Servants

YOU should not forget that the Hunt servants are not above accepting a little *douceur* at this season of the year. And, what is more, they well deserve it. You can skirt away for the nearest opening if you do not happen to like the look of the next fence. But the huntsman and the hunt servants have to go straight, and in a wire-ridden country (alas! how many there are of them now) you are glad enough for them to pick out the line for you.

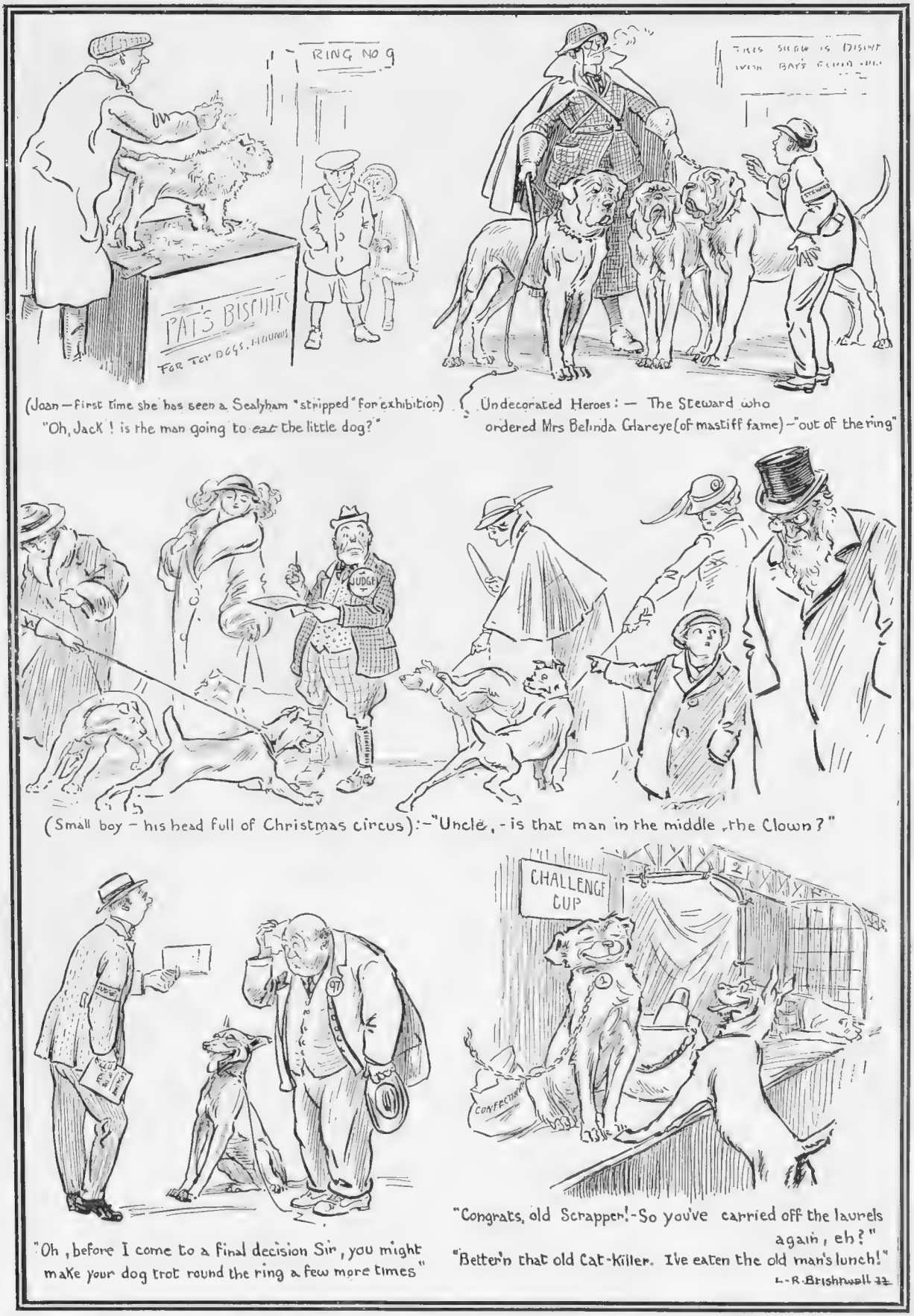
Foot Followers

ANOTHER section of the community which look forward to their Christmas hunting are the foot people. Every wise M.F.H. arranges his Boxing Day meet either in or very close to one of the largest towns within his area. "Never be in a hurry to give the footpeople the slip," said a famous Master. If the crowd on Shanks's mare at the covert-side can see hounds slip away with their fox and, perhaps, watch a bit of the subsequent sport, you have made them friends of foxhunting for life. And that is, surely, something to the good in these days, when Socialist influences are becoming more and more rampant.

The Pytchley

IN the emergency that arose in the Pytchley country owing to the abrupt termination of Major Harold Cayzer's association with the Mastership, it was fortunate that Major Jack Lowther was at hand to fill the gap. He works as well in double harness in running the Hunt establishment with his brother as he does in the polo field. Sir Charles and Major Lowther have played together in many a keen struggle at Hurlingham, and they have the right temperament for managing a difficult country like the Pytchley, whose members are proverbially hard to please. It is hoped in Northamptonshire that the temporary arrangement now existing will take a more permanent shape. A. W. C.

The Dog Days



(Joan—first time she has seen a Sealyham "stripped" for exhibition) "Oh, Jack! is the man going to *eat* the little dog?"

Undecorated Heroes:— The Steward who ordered Mrs Belinda Glareye (of mastiff fame)—"out of the ring"

(Small boy—his head full of Christmas circus):—"Uncle,—is that man in the middle the Clown?"

"Oh, before I come to a final decision Sir, you might make your dog trot round the ring a few more times"

"Congrats, old Scrapper!—So you've carried off the laurels again, eh?"
"Better'n that old Cat-Killer. I've eaten the old man's lunch!"

L. R. Brightwell

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"SNAPS" AT THE DOG SHOW

From Moscow to Murray's

Photograph *Florence Vandamm*

"BALAGANTSCHIK"

The talented strolling players who are now delighting members of Murray's Club with their novel entertainment. On the lines of Chauve Souris, this clever troupe, it is rumoured, numbers more than one member of the Russian aristocracy in its ranks. Their names are unpronounceable, but here are some of them—for better or for worse! Jlion Glusgal, Asa Rassadova, Joseph Heifitz-Sarowitsch, Lydia Lipkowskaja, Helene Smolenski-Zelinski In addition, Murray's have a novel mannequin parade of charming gowns, representative of twenty leading modistes. The management of this old club is to be congratulated on the success of its efforts to brighten our London nights

Blanchette on Sentiment

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"That after-Christmas reaction"

LONDON, *December* 21

DEAR COUSIN—

MERRY Christmas and Happy New Year! Simply got to be said, you know, seeing as how the celebrated Day itself is right on top of us.

卐

OH, wotalife! Positive orgies of sentiment and over-eating and over-dancing, and over-laughing, plus all sorts of other things we never really do or'd ever dream of doing 'cept this well-known once-a-year occasion. Making complete and perfect idiots of ourselves, f'rinstance, playing games and dressing-up and being wild bears and such like, all for the benefit of the children (I don't think).

卐

'COS, you know, it really is quite often quite a bit of an *excuse*—isn't it?—if we could only bring ourselves to be perfectly honest about it—which Heaven forbid we ever should, 'specially at Christmas! When there's simply *got* to be holly-and-mistletoe-and-turkey-and-general-heartiness air about everything, even if you happen to be partic'larly longing for plain bread-and-dripping and a good cry. But that's just by the way.

卐

BUT 'smatter of fact thoroughly and entirely enjoy it all, we do—all those of us who have any manner of idea of how to enjoy ourselves at all, that is. Perfectly lovely, for one thing, by way of contrast, to have a sort of throw-back to the days of our youth in the way of simple pleasures and all that kind of thing. And to watch, for once, how they affect other people 'sides ourselves.

卐

THE little people, especially. Their raptures and their ecstasies over utterly futile forms of amusement! And the simpler and more futile the better. Something with lots of hard bangs in it and unsubtle jokes preferred. Don't care a *bit*, they don't, for all the highbrow beautiful spectacles and improvingly elevating and semi-patriotic and furtively educative shows that are sometimes got up for them—and us. Nor, 'tween ourselves, and more especially at this (well, yes, I do confess, just a *little* bit wearing) period of the year, do I!

卐

QUITE the best test of a play I know, I think, that one is, the weep one. Cried simply quarts, f'rinstance, at *Sweet Lavender*, the perfectly priceless Pinero effort they've just revived at the Ambassadors, straight out of the 'eighties. Such almost unbelievably fascinatingly slopsome sentiment! Such well-nigh incredibly artificial things said and done! Oh! how I wept and laughed and loved it and—well, and also wondered.

"Cried simply quarts"

卐

WONDERED, I mean, if it could be really true that only just a little bit less than forty years ago quite fairly intelligent people took this sort of thing quite fairly seriously. If which is so, and one's grandmothers and people do seem to think so . . . well, we have, anyway, moved a bit even in that short time.

卐

MUSTN'T be too dreadfully commonplace and practical and real-life, though, must we, in this, above all others, make-believe time of Christmas and New Year and Willie-Wauchts, and church bells, and carols and all the rest of it? Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong! Obligato on organ. . . . Holly-and-mistletoe still hanging all over the place till Twelfth Night, and Christmas presents still being worn or brandished all over the place. . . . Let's keep it up to the bitter end!

卐

OH, and by the way, p'raps, after all, the real reason why some of us aren't quite so good at sentiment and things these days is 'cos we aren't properly dressed for it. Must have been much easier, *par exemple*, to say nice things like

"Winter sports"

the love-sick *Sweet Lavender* girl-heroine's "My heart keeps a diary in red ink" when clad in those too delightfully archaic, below-the-ankle, wide-and-bulging skirts, and bustles, and bonnets and rustling silks.

卐

Don't quite know, though, how they could ever have danced in 'em, anyway, after the modern fashion of Ciro's and the Embassy and places. At which latter 'specially, with its quiet, soft green background and studiedly almost dull surroundings, the dancing's most emphatically the thing, to the exclusion of all else. Good idea, really, of Luigi's, or whoever it was, to make everything so fearfully unpretentious, not to say dingy, in the way of decoration. Quite adds a sort of a kind of savour, I mean, by contrast, to the exquisite foods and lovely frocks you encounter there.

卐

If you still *are* there, or anywhere near there, that is. Oh! my dear, how my heart aches to hear 'and think about all the people who, most fortunate and blessed ones, are off and about to go, or even already arrived—at the winter sports, I mean. Fearful discussion going on all the time, by the way, as to which is really best—Davos, or St. Moritz, or Mürren, or Zweisimmen, or Kandersteg, or Grindelwald, or whatnot.

卐

But not *much* diff'rence in truth—'cept that 'nless you're a bit of a pro. at it and also like meeting again on a holiday all the people you meet in London, you'd better give the first two, anyway, a wide berth. Only *really* important matters, as before and always, being just moderate soundness in wind and limb and a scrap of foolish enthusiasm that can be produced at will. And without which, after all, you might just as well be dead (*n'est-ce-pas ?*) any time, any place, anywhere ?

卐

Can't think, myself, how anyone who has even half the ghost of a chance of ever going winter-sporting could ever fail for even a second to clutch instantly and determinedly at their bit of *bonne fortune*, if it's only merely to choose your clothes appropriate for the occasion, for instance. . . . Those glorious orange or purple sweaters, those brilliantly flaming woollies—with the white snow as background to make everything look and feel quietly and modestly *right*. . . .

卐

Though if I ever have *my* portrait taken, have come to the conclusion I'd like to have it done in stained glass. Having just been to a most lovely show thereof in Clifford Street, at Clayton and Bell's, who do all sorts of big windows like at St. Margaret's, Westminster. And simply *loved* every scrap of the exquisite, soft, mellow old French and Flemish and Swiss and Dutch bits of glass they've collected, just to show us how these things *can* be done.

"I'd like my portrait in stained glass"

卐

Seem to sort of hear the organ pealing (on the soft stops) as you gaze restfully at these richly coloured presentments of old legends and things. And chorus of No-o-el-el, No-o-el . . . ! I *do* simply love and adore Sentiment really, you know, 'tween you and me, and it *does* make life so much more picturesque and less painfully real. Does *not* it ?

With love,
yours ever,
Blanchette

Photograph *Reveley*

A FLEET-FOOTED TEAM

Mr. Halford-Adcock, of Wheatley, with a team of whippets from his "Of Oxon" Kennels

WANTED
A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD.

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

> And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

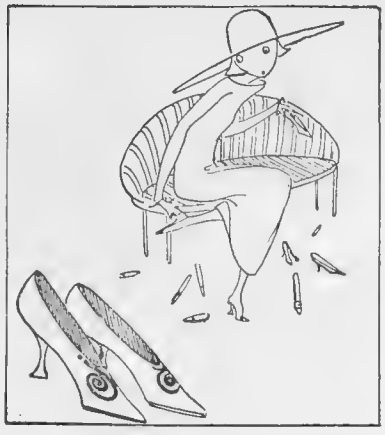
Fill in the entry form on page VI of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

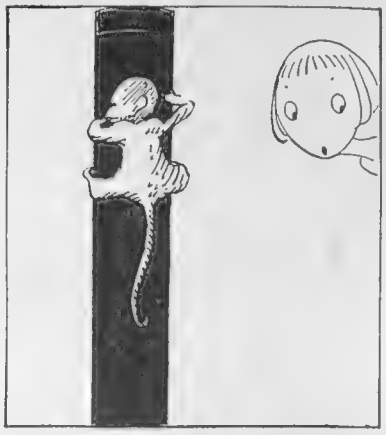
DEAR URSULA, *December 22nd*

One's "household gods" just now are rather alarming. The newest craze is a soft, silk snake to twist round a piece of furniture, with a Cleopatra head and jewelled headdress and earrings.—



PAM IN PARIS

One of the greatest of life's problems is to decide on one's shoes. This pair, to add to my bewilderment, has an "interrogation mark" in leather. And after I had finally settled on those, the eternal question still stares me in the face.—



This latest fountain pen clip, like a monkey with its tail hanging down, is so much jollier than the ordinary straight ones, that I have made Dick promise to wear it.

PAMELA

Femina

PARTIES FOR EVERYBODY

BY "CANDIDA"

To finish up the old year with parties is perhaps as good a way as any. It's always done, anyway. "People don't do these things"—wasn't it Ibsen who said that?—explaining (though it isn't exactly in the text) how lines are drawn in certain places. Who draws them, and why? Nobody knows, at least I don't; but that is neither here nor there.

"PARTIES" is the proper word for the functions that occur from the twenty-fourth onwards, which explains that you mustn't expect the dazzling variety, all roses and champagne and backless frocks, always referred to in the papers as "brilliant." They're apt to be domestic, a little touching and rather dull. You can't do much with a Christmas, or even a post-Christmas, party. The date's too much for you, and so's the holly and the mistletoe, the crackers, the cake, and all the rest of it. But people try, especially people with children. Not to get up something extraordinary to intrigue the children would be considered a very poor sort of show. Brains are required nowadays, for "we are not amused" by the old conjuring tricks, the disappearing rabbits, and the miles of tissue paper streamers flowing from a hat. There's nothing more *blasé* than mother's darling at somebody else's Christmas party. To please the grown-ups is child's play comparatively. Give them a really good dinner, a nice house, and pleasant people, a floor to dance on, music to dance to, and they'll positively purr with delight. Brains are not required in that recipe, and, what's more, you're not thanked for displaying them.

FOR the children the great idea is mystery. The inevitable Christmas tree must be camouflaged somehow, though they know all about it, and to spring a surprise on them isn't exactly easy. Of course, it's our own fault. We've made them such sophisticated toys, and written them such metaphysical fairy stories, that to expect them to be mere children after that is perhaps unreasonable. But whatever happens, we argue, they're not to feel the pinch of the new poverty. Time enough by and by when they face the world, which doesn't promise to grow any cheerfuller as it goes on.

THE rest of us dance, and dance, and dance again, which is nothing new. Haven't we done it for years? Only the dancing game is now steadily spreading over the whole day, instead of being crowded into a glorious hour or two. Dancing begins after lunch (with just a little practice before), and lasts nearly as long into the night as you want it to. After the dancing teas came the *déjeuners dansants*, and now the whole day is linked up to the tune of fox-trots, which, perhaps, explains the exceeding thinness of the best figures from twenty to forty and after. You simply can't keep any superfluous flesh on your bones when you're kept going incessantly from morn till night, and almost from night till morning. It must have been the dancing business which inspired the latest American stunt of "reducing to music," for apparently they still keep a few fat people over there. It seems that you buy a gramophone, and certain records, and I have not discovered whether it's the music, or the mysterious exercise you perform to it, which does the trick.

EXCEPT for New Year's night, the note of the parties is simplicity, in clothes, anyway. It takes so little stuff to dance in; just a nice frill or two, and no sleeves, and a little lace above the belt. You can't elaborate much on such lines. But to make up there are picture frocks, though what we're to do with them when once we've bought them, is a mystery. Dancing in priceless brocade which is just swished round you in divine folds kept together goodness knows how, is impossible, and what's the good of frocks that you can't dance in? If we only sat around, as they say in America, and looked beautiful, there might be some point in them. Which proves, as I've always said, that those haughty designer people live in a dream world of their own, and that never, never do they stoop to sordid facts. It's not what we want that they give us, but what they think we think we ought to look nice in. And between that and what we really look nice in, and can possibly dance in, there's a gulf they never cross. So it seems to me it's reach-me-downs for everybody, and not only because they are cheap.

CANDIDA

BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

is of the highest standard of Quality both at Home and Abroad.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., are enabled to maintain this owing to their holding—with their Associated Companies—the Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies.

Photograph ACT-IVITY IN OTHER MARKETS *Central News*

The Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society in their annual production at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Our picture shows the sword and lantern fight in the Fir Cone Tavern, the thrilling scene from Mr. Justin McCarthy's romantic play "If I Were King," with Mr. Godfrey Washington as François Villon and Mr. R. H. Shelton as Thibaut d'Aussigny

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND St LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Rise and fall

SUPER-FINANCE

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

CREDIT is a cultured illusion. Money is a manufactured myth. But our modern civilisation is dependent upon its realisable tokens.

Let us peep down the well of national finance, and discover at the bottom the carefully hidden truth.

We have won the war to end wars—as is proved by the peaceful mentality of the political Kilkenny cats. But what about the financial aftermath? The fireworks were magnificent for those who viewed them in security, but the bill for the burning comes as a shock.

Excluding international debts and credits, the British Government owes its own subjects a trifling sum of £6,000,000,000. The annual interest on this alone amounts to nearly double the entire annual pre-war revenue. Add to this an iniquitously prodigal Governmental expenditure, and the result is that the Britisher is thwarted of all possibility of progress by a crushing Income Tax, and victimised by other taxation, direct and indirect, to an extent unprecedented in the history of this or any other country in the world.

This great National Debt, this unprecedented taxation, is bleeding the commerce of Britain to death. It is the cause of unparalleled unemployment. What are we to do?

We must study our national balance-sheets, forget our tragic human crosses, and cut our illusory material noughts. We must unshackle posterity. We must liquidate this millstone of National Debt. It can easily be done by a policy of graduated cancellation, and when that is accomplished, Britain will enter upon the greatest era of prosperity it has ever known.

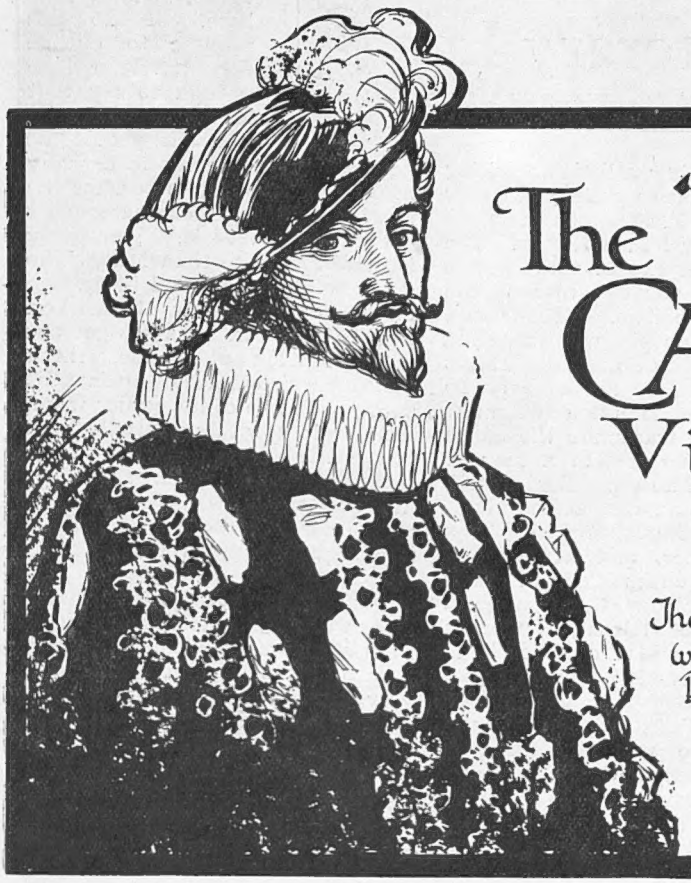
Socialism can achieve nothing but chaos. Bolshevism can never arise beyond its level of vulgar bestiality. Only sound finance and progressive commercialism can solve the economic miseries of the world to-day.

* * * * * * * * * *

The illogical taglet is that the business of Pope & Bradley is hardly symptomatic of the times. The year of 1922 has been an amazingly successful one for the House. The returns are far ahead of 1921. Bond Street clothes are evidently as good as the present Governmental policy is bad.

Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



The "THREE CASTLES" Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT —

a worthy knight, one of the noblest spirits of his time, obtained a Royal Patent from his Queen Elizabeth to attempt a Plantation in the Western World. By dauntless energy he added to his Sovereign's possessions and to the prestige of her age.

Prestige! that's something to be prized; and having it, that's why the House of Wills is ever proud to maintain the quality of their Famous Brand The "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES." W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians"

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Bristol and London, England.

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

T.C.49.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

ONE of the most sumptuous volumes to be issued in these days of high costs is Captain R. K. Price's *Astbury, Whieldon, and Ralph Wood Figures, and Toby Jugs* (Lane : £5 5*s.* net). Probably most people have seen a few Toby Jugs in their time, though I would hazard a guess that not many of them would be able to tell a fake from the real thing. But to me, at any rate, they pale in interest and sheer beauty of colouring before the Astbury and Whieldon figures in which Captain Price's famous collection is so rich. These early Staffordshire potters were secretive folk, and there is an interesting story which explains how Astbury learnt his art. Two Dutchmen called Elers arrived in the Five Villages, as a seventeenth century Bennett might have called them, and were so keen to keep their processes secret that only lunatics were employed in their works. Astbury, however, successfully feigned madness for two years, and then showed that the pupil may often go much further than his master.

⁂

THE Ralph Wood figures are wonderfully fine. The equestrian figure of the Duke of Cumberland, reproduced by Captain Price in colour, is an astonishing piece of work. So, too, are the various "King Hal" jugs, and there is one showing Ralph Wood and his son which, though not catalogued—I understand that it was purchased while the pages of the book were passing through the press — should arouse the worst passions in the heart of the collector. It is the kind of piece for which everyone has been vainly searching for years. On the other hand, no collector of these old pieces, and no one interested in the potter's craft, will not be exceedingly grateful to the author (known, incidentally, to the sporting world as one of the finest real tennis players in England) for this splendidly illustrated book. To the ordinary person, moreover, the mere existence of such beautiful things will come as a surprise.

IT is more than a little surprising to find that so prolific a writer as Mr. S. B. P. Mais can maintain so high a level in his work. The production of two or three novels each year usually means the sorriest pot-boilers. There are, it is true, people who candidly admit that they do not like Mais's novels, but there are others who maintain that he is one of the few men able to transcribe life as he sees it, starkly and in a manner peculiar to himself. For myself, I am always amazed at the vividness of his pictures, at the boldness of his themes, and at the unquenchable enthusiasm of their inventor. Now there appears *Quest Sinister* (Grant Richards : 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and I consider it to be the best of his novels.

⁂

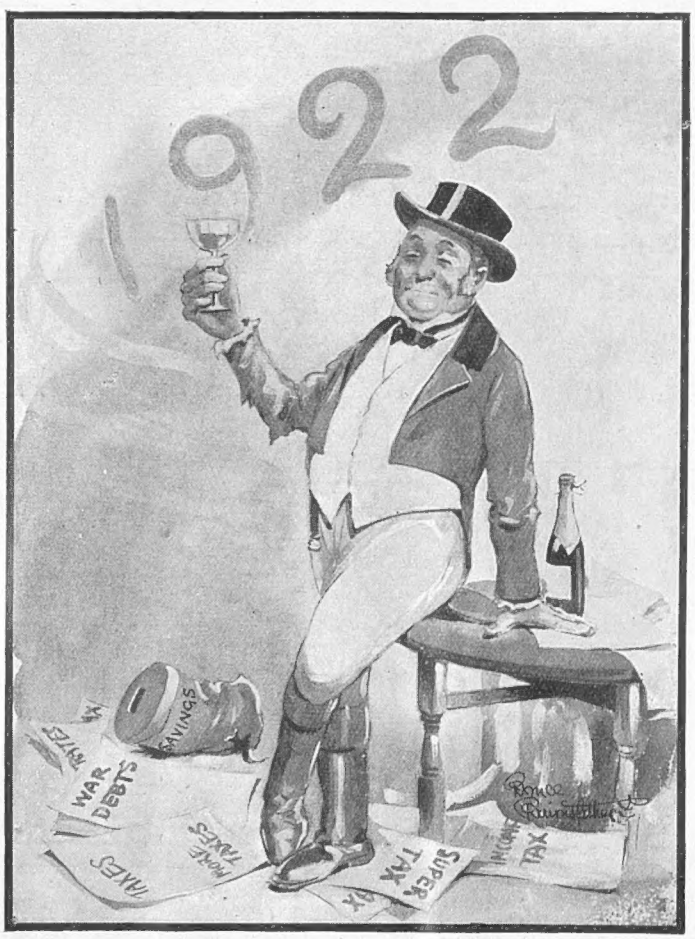
IN *Caged Birds*, you may remember, there was the unhappy story of Denys Carey, a hard-working journalist, and his wife, Ann. In *Quest Sinister* their story is continued, although one, Humphrey Toller, a friend of theirs, is really the hero. I do not propose to outline the plot. It will be enough to say that Humphrey marries "a girl of the people" whom he meets casually in Oxford, and Lily is perhaps the most sympathetic character ever drawn by Mr. Mais. Humphrey is more fortunate than Denys who goes rapidly down, and he is, like his author, for ever the seeker. Incidentally, Mr. Mais has got out of that trick of a too stilted dialogue which militated against the success of some of his earlier work. His people now talk naturally. As to the title he has chosen it is not perhaps the best, but that does not matter. *Quest Sinister* is a most interesting book, and if there is a sequel so much the better.

⁂

HOW many readers know the work of Mr. William McFee ? It is surprisingly good. He has a *flair* of his own, and can spin a very good yarn. His *Command* (Secker : 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is one of the most admirable novels I have read for a very long time. It has all the good qualities you can demand. Mr. Spokesby, a first mate of the Cockney breed, comes to Salonika in war-time, and in Salonika, *anything* may happen. Mr. Spokesby is hurled into a sort of passionate volcano—with a queer Greek merchant, and a half-mad sea captain, and a pretty lady of the chocolate-box kind. The three of them give him his fill of adventure, but they do very much more. The young lady, it is true, is lost, but in her place Mr. Spokesby finds something of much greater importance : he finds his own soul. Yes, this book is one of the few which a reviewer would gladly read twice.

⁂

MR. DAVID DAVID'S novel of the Russian Revolution, *Ya Brot* (Daniel : 6*s.* net), shows the hand of the amateur, but is not lacking in interest or excitement. A young aristocrat joins the Reds, and comes into touch with Lenin and Trotsky before their advent to power. There are vivid scenes under the Monarchy, but the hero finds Lenin too much for him in the end.



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE SPIRIT OF THE YEAR

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you pay your Income Tax"

Fourth Announcement: THE OPPORTUNITY IS UNIQUE FOR THOSE WISHING TO MAKE EXCLUSIVE SEASONABLE GIFTS

The business of John Hall & Co., Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths, Manchester, has been established these ninety years. The nature of its dealings is well-known all over the kingdom to expert collectors of gems, gold and silver smithery, old English plate and Sheffield plate. John Hall & Co.'s clients are advised that this present excursion into advertising does not mean any departure from the accepted standard of the business.

The appeal under present conditions is as hitherto, interesting only to the serious expert and knowledgable purchaser.

The offer of 20% discount for cash only, during this month and next, upon £250,000 worth of marked stock, is brought about by a change in the personnel of the firm. One of the partners has retired, leaving Mr. G. H. Clapham as sole partner, and it is necessary for legal purposes connected with the retirement to realise stock to the amount stated before the end of January.

This accomplished, the business returns to its ordinary conditions.

Very large sales have been effected by the newspaper announcements which have already appeared, but the exclusive nature of the stock, of the highest grade with very few duplicates, means that a liberal choice remains for those desiring to mark the present season with some gift of value, having lasting joy for the recipient, and forming a realisable asset at any time and in any part of the civilised world.

There is no more secure or convenient investment than that of jewels or silver bought under expert advice such as that which John Hall & Co. are qualified to give.

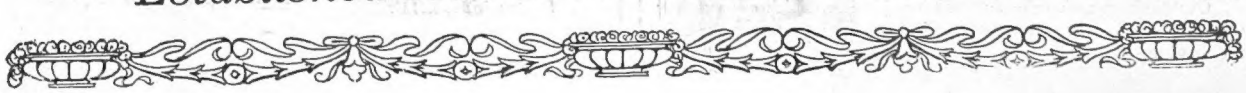
Early enquiries are invited, and appointments will be made to suit the convenience of prospective purchasers.

John Hall & Co.

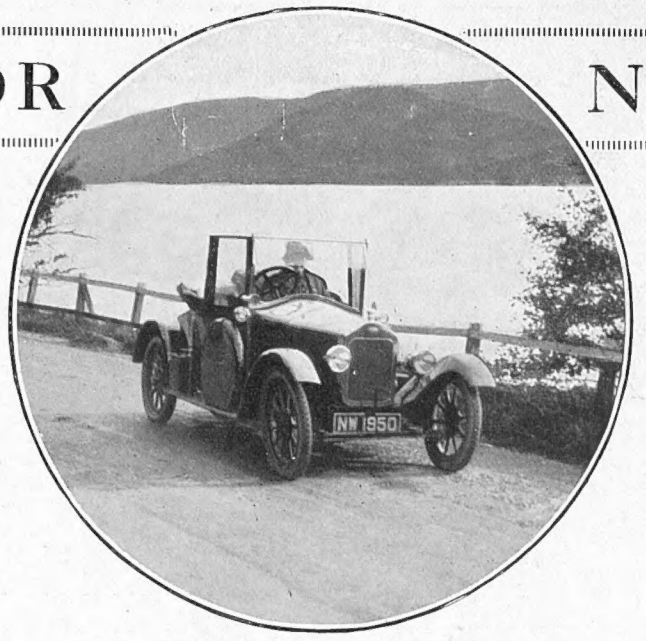
DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND SILVERSMITHS

Established 1832 at 56 King St., Manchester

QD



MOTOR NOTES



A RUN IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

A Wolseley "Ten" on the shores of Lake Ullswater, one of the most picturesque of our English lakes

My old friend, S. F. Edge, has been connected with a lot of record-making in his time, and I notice that his latest was to get J. A. Joyce, one of the A.C. testing staff, to drive 101.39 miles in one hour. Now nothing in the future, however marvellous, can take away first performances. The A.C. is the first car with engine cylinder capacity not exceeding 1,500 cubic centimetres actually to cover 100 miles inside sixty minutes. The 25 h.p. Talbot was the first car to ever do this before the War, and the 11.9 h.p. A.C. is the first small car to do it since, though many people have had a try for the honour. This is also a triumph for Dunlop tyres, that stood up intact for this record 100-miles-in-an-hour performance. As an Englishman I feel proud that an English car and an English tyre have done this feat, and all concerned are to be greatly congratulated as it is a national asset.

* * *

With sixteen valves, four to each cylinder, the A.C. engine "revved" about 3,800 times per minute. Gear ratio at back axle 3 to 1, an auxiliary "over head" oil tank to feed the sump, extra water tank to feed the radiator, two carburettors, a twin contact breaker for the ignition, a "four wheel" track, the rear axle being narrower than the front one, and streamline cases applied to even the shock-absorbers so as to lessen wind resistance, together with a compression of nearly six atmospheres to one as compared with the usual four and a half, were the chief items of its construction and design that decidedly aided the A.C. to success. I wonder when any standard car will equal this performance. Certainly before we celebrate the R.A.C.'s fiftieth birthday, at the rate speed is going up nowadays.

* * *

Half the starting troubles are usually due to condensation of moisture on the plug joints. A friend of mine, whose garage is not warmed by any stoves or hot-water pipes, has never had any trouble in starting his car for the past two years. He keeps a C. L. heater alight under the bonnet of the car to keep the oil and radiator warm as an antidote to frost, takes out the four sparking plugs and brings them inside the house each night, and as he makes his own electric light he puts the battery regularly on charge. In the morning the plugs, dry and a bit warm, possibly from the fire hearth, where they repose during breakfast, are replaced in the engine, the battery connected up to the car (not half a minute's job), he floods the carburettor, and the engine starts up at the push of the starter button every time. In fact, he will bet you the car it does, and for two years the starter has done the trick every morning without fail.

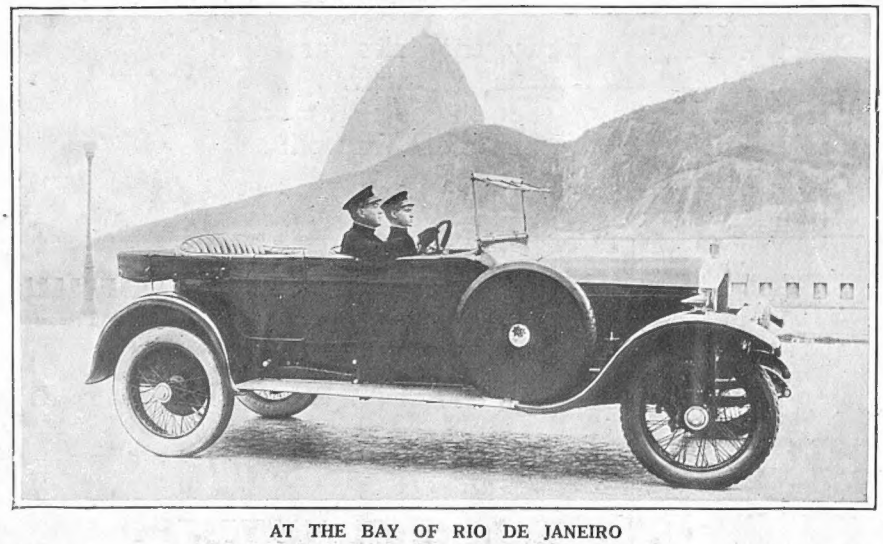
* * *

Another friend of mine has the same sort of car, same equipment, uses the same oil, and has a garage unheated. He empties the water out of the radiator and cylinders these cold nights, and fills up with boiling water in the morning, but has often the deuce of a job to get the engine started. Both of them squirt water out of the exhaust pipes when their engines do first start in the morning, and that is the result of condensation. A similar effect also takes place in the cylinders after the engine is stopped and cools down during the night, so that is how the plug points get the moisture on the electrodes.

* * *

When I compare the ease of friend number one in the morning with the physical efforts of friend number two cranking the engine while someone else of the household presses the engine-starter button to combine both hand and motor power to overcome compression, persuading the magneto to fire the mixture after burning off the moisture from the spark points, injecting "Startol" or petrol through the compression taps, and then sometimes having to have a tow to get started, I hope all his friends will send him these remarks as a New Year Present. I have sent him a C. L. heater; it's cheap, but effective, for part of the business, and I hope that someone will send him a new battery so that he has a spare to leave at the local garage man's charging station, because his "juice" is usually a minus quantity for a cold engine. It will save him much fatigue and warming up of his own system in the mornings. But all the same, we do want more output in batteries, dynamos, and motor starters on our cars, which will be welcome New Year gifts to all car-owners.

Old Hy.



AT THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO

One of the new six-cylinder 40/50 h.p. Napiers, which are worthily upholding the traditions of British motor engineering on the South American continent